

Her only explanation was that she had chosen death rather than penury. Mrs. Purcell, the sister, and J. S. Deevell, Miss Crawford's attorney in Missouri Valley, could give no reason for her attempt at death.

Efforts to gain admission of her identity in Kenoeha failed and Miss Crawford was buried in the cemetery at Kenoeha.







## SCOTCH HIGHLANDERS CHARGING THE GERMANS



The Scotch Highlanders, here seen charging a retreating body of Germans in France, are among the hardest and most stubborn of Great Britain's fighters.

## REJOINING THEIR REGIMENTS VIA OSTEND



These soldiers know what it means to stand up before the grueling fire of the Germans. In the heat of battle they were cut off from their regiments around Namur and were compelled, in order to rejoin their colors, to go back through France via Havre. The photograph shows them landing at Ostend.

## MACHINES OF THE BRITISH FLYING CORPS



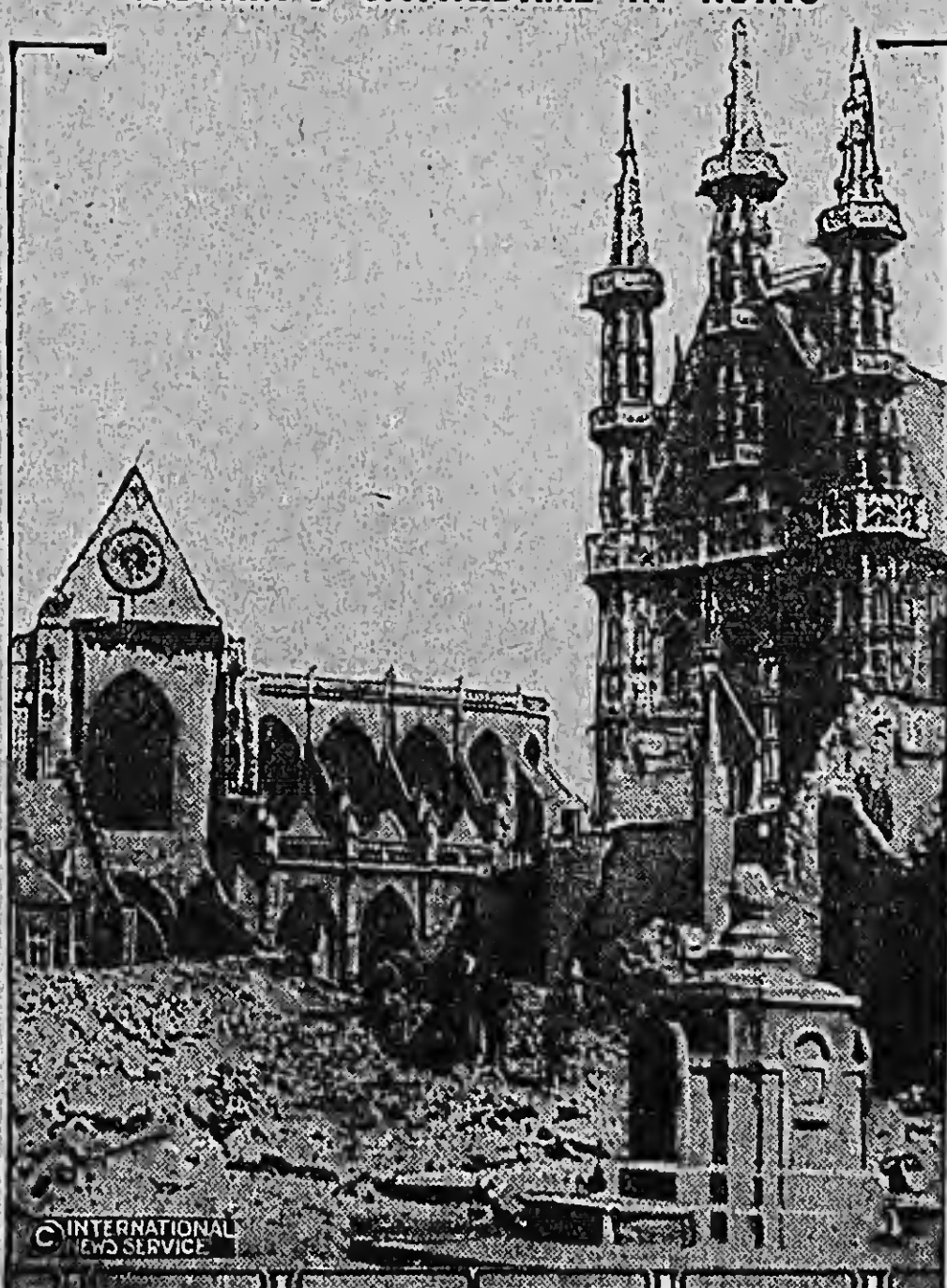
Sir John French has stated that the British flying corps has been rendering invaluable aid to the allies. Some of their machines are here shown. The photograph was taken on the continent, but the censor forbade mention of the locality.

## AIRSHIP PROTECTING PARIS



French military dirigible hovering above Paris on the lookout for the German airships which several times sailed over the city and dropped bombs. A crowd of Parisians is seen watching the sky cruiser.

## LOUVAIN'S CATHEDRAL IN RUINS



The magnificent cathedral of Louvain, the interior of which was utterly wrecked by the German troops, although the outer walls remain standing. At the right is the beautiful old hotel de ville, or town hall, which almost alone of the city's buildings was spared.

## EIGHTY LOSE LIVES

STEAMER LEGGETT GOES DOWN OFF OREGON COAST IN A FIERCE GALE.

## ONLY TWO MEN ARE SAVED

Survivor. Picked Up by Another Vessel Relates a Thrilling Tale of Rescue From the Waters of the Pacific Ocean.

Portland, Ore., Sept. 22.—Between seventy and eighty men, women and children, coastwise passengers and crew, on the three-masted steam schooner Francis H. Leggett were drowned when the Leggett was pounded to pieces in a gale 60 miles south of the mouth of the Columbia river Saturday.

Alexander Farrell, the only survivor to reach land thus far, recounted how, in the height of the storm, Captain J. Jensen of San Francisco, a passenger, who lost his own ship six months ago, and for four months succeeding was marooned on an uninhabited island, came to the aid of Captain Moro of the Leggett, took command of the passengers and controlled them until she sank, taking him with her.

The other rescued passenger, George H. Pullman of Winnipeg, Canada, is on board the Buck, which is now lying off the Columbia bar awaiting calmer weather before crossing in.

Farrell, who had recovered considerably from his exhaustion, said the Leggett carried a full list of passengers, between forty and fifty, while the crew numbered about twenty-five.

"The craft carried a full load of lumber," said Farrell. "Almost immediately after leaving Gray's Harbor, Wash., we ran into heavy weather, which increased in violence until morning, when it was blowing a terrific gale.

"Shortly after noon the crew began to jettison the deckload, and most of the passengers were driven below to keep them out of harm's way. Suddenly a terrific sea tore open a hatch, the water pouring in in torrents and the vessel lurched to one side and capsized. All this occurred within a few minutes, but in the meantime the crew launched two boats, one containing two women and four men and the other with four women and their husbands on board.

"It was at that moment that the only excitement occurred. As the second boat was being prepared some men rushed for it, but Captain Jensen made them stand back, saying he would shoot the first man who stepped aboard until all the women were cared for. The effort was useless, however, for as soon as the small boats struck the water they capsized, and all in them were lost.

"I was standing near the bridge when the steamer went over. I went down with the suction, how far I cannot say, but it was a long way. Fortunately I was able to grab a floating tie. Probably thirty people were in sight when I first came to the surface, hanging to pieces of wreckage, but they succumbed one by one until there were only five of us left.

"One of these was the wireless operator and the other three besides myself were women. The latter kept afloat until nearly dark, when they too disappeared. It must have been about 3:10 in the afternoon when the Leggett turned turtle, and it was one o'clock in the morning before I was picked up."

Farrell said the wireless operator clung to a railway tie until a woman was tossed against him by the waves. He helped her grasp hold of the tie, but it was not large enough to hold them both above the surface. Realizing the situation, the man let go and sank.

Apple Grop Large This Year. Washington, Sept. 19.—Indications are that the commercial apple crop of the United States this year will be far in excess of that of last year, but smaller than that of 1912 by several million barrels, according to an announcement made by the department of agriculture. Department officials say the problem of distribution will be complex, owing to conditions resulting from the European war.

\$50,000 Robbery Reported. Kankakee, Ill., Sept. 19.—Five armed robbers entered the home of Mrs. Nellie Clark shortly after midnight and escaped with money and jewels whose value is estimated at more than \$50,000 by the police. Armed posses in automobiles and bloodhounds are hunting the thieves.

Famous Wisconsin Man Dead. Fond du Lac, Wis., Sept. 21.—Judge Norman S. Gilson, aged seventy-five, former chairman of the Wisconsin state tax commission, died here from heart trouble, after being ill less than 24 hours.

Respect Swiss Neutrality. Paris, Sept. 22.—A dispatch to the Havas agency from Bern says that, in reply to Switzerland's declaration of neutrality, France, Germany and Austria have affirmed their intention to respect that neutrality.

Motorcyclist Killed. Marshalltown, Ia., Sept. 22.—F. E. Voorhees of Cedar Rapids, Ia., a contestant in the motorcycle meet that marked the closing of the Marshall county fair, was killed when he skidded into the fence.

## 14 FARMER'S WIFE TOO ILL TO WORK

A Weak, Nervous Sufferer Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

and More Than a Score Alabama Great South-Railroad Wreck.

Quebec, Sept. 21.—The Black Diamond collier steamer rammed and sank the government steamer Montmagny in a fog, between banks, a mile below Cranston, in the St. Lawrence river, and 100 miles from Quebec. Fourteen persons, members of the Montmagny's crew, and of families of two lighthouse keepers aboard the Montmagny lost their lives.

Second Officer La Chance of the Montmagny was one of those who perished. He had with two children in his arms, a heroic but unsuccessful attempt to rescue them.

Mrs. La Chance, wife of the lighthouse keeper at Belle Isle, and her four children were lost. Mrs. Richards, wife of a lighthouse keeper at Belle Isle, and her seven children were aboard the Montmagny. How many of them were saved is not known.

Survivors were picked up by the steam collier Potana and taken to Goose Isle. The government boat Alice was ordered to bring them from Goose Isle to Quebec.

Livinston, Ala., Sept. 21.—Eight persons are known to be dead, two fatally and more than a score seriously hurt as a result of the derailment of fast train No. 2 on the Alabama Great Southern railroad near Keadake station. Of the dead five are white men and on a white baby.

Engineer Jones and a white woman are fatally injured. The train ran into an open switch while running at full speed. The engine, baggage and express cars and three coaches left the rails, the wooden coaches smashing to kindling wood.

The dead: MARCELLUS HASSELE, York, Ala. JACK RYAN, aged seventy; home unknown.

R. H. E. JUNE, Dayton, Tenn. Unidentified white man, believed to be C. T. Fallon of Stoneville, Miss.

FELIX HARDEN, railway mail clerk.

ELISE SMITH, five-year-old girl of Gulfport, Miss.

Unidentified negro woman.

Unidentified man.

The train is the New Orleans-Cincinnati fast train of the Queen and Crescent line and was bound north.

The dead have been taken to York, Ala., and the injured to Meridian, Miss.

## NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR

Washington, Sept. 17.—War risk insurance amounting to \$3,222,000 has been written on 11 vessels by the federal war risk bureau. Applications for \$3,600,000 more are pending.

Washington, Sept. 17.—President Wilson decided not to insist upon a freight tax for emergency revenue in the face of opposition within the Democratic ranks. A substitute plan will be submitted.

New York, Sept. 17.—A representative of the German foreign office, who is expected to make answer at Washington to the Belgian accusations of brutality, arrived on the liner Potomac.

Washington, Sept. 17.—Peace between the United States and Great Britain, France, Spain and China was guaranteed by the signing of peace treaties with these four countries at the state department.

Chicago, Sept. 17.—After a ten days' shut down for repairs the Pullman company's works at Pullman resumed operations. Of the 8,400 laid off 7,500 were re-employed.

## DEMOCRAT WINS IN MAINE

O. G. Curtis Elected Governor Over W. T. Haines—G. O. P. Ahead of Taft's Record.

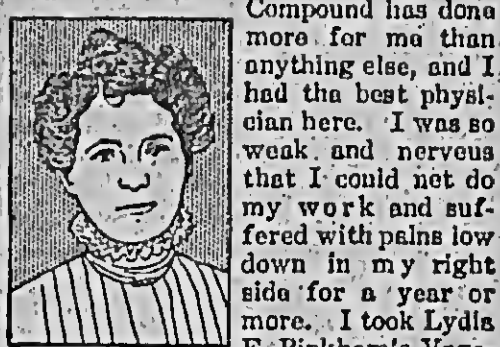
Portland, Me., Sept. 17.—With returns complete from all the cities, towns and plantations, Oakleigh C. Curtis, Democrat, mayor of Portland, was elected governor of Maine at the state election held on Monday by 2,698 plurality over the present incumbent, Gov. William T. Haines, Republican. Gardner, Progressive, ran over forty thousand behind the other two candidates. The returns give Curtis 58,877, Haines 56,179, Gardner, 17,157. The four congressmen, A. C. Hinds, J. A. Peters and Frank E. Guorsey, Republicans, and D. J. McGillicuddy, Democrat, have been re-elected.

The Democrats made gains in the state legislature. The Republican vote in the state showed a gain of about 150 per cent over that cast for President Taft. The Democrats gained about 13 per cent, while the Progressive lost 65 per cent.

Belmont's Racers Seized. New York, Sept. 22.—August Belmont learned that five of his valuable thoroughbreds in France have been seized by the French army. The horses were Voluntary, Ravall, Dramatist, King Cade and Bayard III.

Gold Ship Returns October 1. London, Sept. 22.—The American cruiser Tennessee will start for America about October 1, carrying home virtually all of the army officers who came over to Europe on government relief work.

Kasota, Minn. — "I am glad to say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than anything else, and I had the best physician here. I was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work and suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I feel like a different person. I believe there is nothing like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weak women and young girls, and I would be glad if I could influence anyone to try the medicine, for I know it will do all and much more than it is claimed to do."—Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R. F. D. No. 1, Maplecrest Farm, Kasota, Minn.



Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

## HARFINA OINTMENT

The World's Wonder Remedy for Eczema. That scaly, itching condition of the skin—those unsightly eruptions—will gradually, but surely yield to the healing, soothing influence of Harfina Ointment. In thousands of cases this wonderful remedy has proved to have no superior ever under the severest tests. It has produced truly miraculous results in all troubles of the skin and scalp—psoriasis, dandruff, itching, hair, wounds, burns, sores, chapped skin, etc., bites, piles, chilblains, itching, swollen feet, etc.; also sold in bulk. Should be in every household at drugists or direct at receipt of price and dealer's name. Philo Day Specialties Co., Newark, N. J.

## PARADISE FOR THE ARTIST

Devotees of the Brush Are Accorded Accommodations Without Price at Inn at Capri.

Capri, beautiful in itself as a winter resort, offers an irresistible invitation to artists, since it has an inn where anyone, by painting a picture on the wall, can get free board.

To the lovely island of Capri, with its perennial summer, its blue grotto, and its lemon groves, came, some fifty years ago, a ruined artist. He opened an inn, and died rich. In his will, leaving the inn to his heirs, he made these conditions:

"The charge per day, two bottles of red Capri wine included, is never to be more than six francs.

"If any artist is too poor to pay he shall paint a picture upon some wall-space, receiving all the accommodation accorded to those paying the highest price.

"If any German artist shall come to the inn he shall be accommodated, and shall receive the amount of his fare to Germany upon his promising never to return to Italy."

The inn is conducted today on these conditions. Its walls are covered with paintings. Now and then a German gets his fare home.

## His Contribution.

"Have you contributed anything to the suffrage cause?"

"Yes; two sisters and one wife."

## Regular Rates.

"Pa, what are literary emoluments?"

"About five dollars a story, son, and five dollars for a poem."

## SICK DOCTOR

Proper Food Put Him Right.

The food experience of a physician in his own case when worn and weak from sickness and when needing nourishment the worst way, is valuable:

"An attack of grip, so severe it came near making an end of me, left my stomach in such condition I could not retain any ordinary food. I knew of course that I must have food nourishment or I could never recover.

"I began to take four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream three times a day and for two weeks this was almost my only food. It tasted so delicious that I enjoyed it immensely and my stomach handled it perfectly from the first mouthful. It was so nourishing I was quickly built back to normal health and strength.

"Grape-Nuts is of great value as food to sustain life during serious attacks in which the stomach is so deranged it cannot digest and assimilate other foods.

"I am convinced that were Grape-Nuts more widely used by physicians, it would save many lives that are otherwise lost from lack of nourishment." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The most perfect food in the world. Trial of Grape-Nuts and cream 10 days proves. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



## THE ANTIOCH NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
A. B. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00  
Advertising Rates Will be Furnished Upon Application  
Telephone Antioch, 581

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1914.

Farmers in all parts of the country are watching with interest an experiment which is being made in Brooks county, Georgia. The Georgia farmers objected to the commercial system under which they were receiving but seven and eight cents a pound for the pork which they raised, while they saw the ham and bacon of commerce retailing in their own markets for 25 cents a pound. They resolved to re-establish the ante-bellum smokehouses on their farms and immediately carried the resolution into effect. Through co-operation, they have commenced marketing their products in the finished form. They find that the profits which they make from curing their own meats are relatively larger, considering the time and expense involved, than those which they were receiving from marketing hogs on the hoof. The remarkable thing about this profitable experience is that it has not been worked out in any of the grain centers or near any of the country's great markets; but in a remote county back in the extreme southern part of Georgia, in a "one crop" section, and that crop cotton.

The manner in which these genteel gunmen who deal in printers' supplies have whooped up the prices on everything used around a newspaper office is simply klossorous. The ink factories have shot the price of news ink up to a point that makes Gilderoy's justly famous kite look like a sunken submarine. The paper barons as if they thought their weed pulp product ought to bring as much as India bible stock. And type! Why you'd think type metal was composed of two parts radium and one part auriferous. Even Aunt Mandy Jackson, in her sealed bid for washing her towel, quotes a figure of 50 percent higher than that quoted when we were thinking of having it washed last year. At that, we could manage to ease through this month if some of our valued subscribers would kick in with a little of that emergency currency. Even a few old fashioned dollar bills would do.

Listen, daughter. Whenever a town girl gets too proud to marry a man with 100 acres of land and 20 red pigs, just because he wears blue jeans and can't tell the tungo from a sloe gin rickey, you can set it down as a fact that she will either die an old maid or marry a \$6 a week clerk with a head full of ozone and one only change of hole-proofs. We would rather see you hooked up to some fellow who wears 49-cent overalls and knows when to hit the top of the market than to be yoked to some Cuthbert who plays the mandolin, smokes Turkish cigarettes and lives off his father's pension. Still there's no accounting for tastes. That's why they are establishing courts of Domestic Relations here and there.

(Official Publication.)  
REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF  
The State Bank of Antioch

at Antioch, State of Illinois, before the commencement of business on the 12th day of Sept. 1914, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts, for the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

ASSETS	
Loans on Real Estate	\$ 77,900 00
Loans on Collateral Security	7,835 00
Other Loans and Discounts	46,743 27
Overdrafts	132,538 27
Investments:	
State, county and municipal bonds	23,295 15
Public Service Corporation Bonds	22,050 00
Other Bonds and Securities	23,231 90
Banking House	4,800 00
Furniture and fixtures	1,500 00
Due from State Banks	6,000 00
Due from National Banks	41,843 37
Cash on Hand—	
Currency	5,249 00
Gold Coins	642 25
Silver Coins	511 75
Minor coin	23 20
Checks and other cash items	171 49
Collections in Transit	220 37
Total Resources	\$265,311 34

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in	25,000 00
Surplus Fund	15,000 00
Undivided profits	
Less current interest, expenses and taxes paid	5,568 65
Deposits:	
Time Certificates	109,852 04
Savings Deposits, Subject to Notice	17,188 88
Demand Deposits, Subject to Check	82,969 22
Miscellaneous Liabilities:	
Dividends unpaid	30 00
Postal notes	902 51
Total Liabilities	\$265,311 34

State of Illinois, County of Lake, ss: I, W. K. Ziegler, Cashier of The State Bank of Antioch, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. K. ZIEGLER, Cashier,  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of Sept. 1914.

JOSEPH C. JAMES,  
Notary Public.

Some men, not only vote as they pray, but vote oftener.

Highway Notice  
Public Letting of Contract

Notice is hereby given that proposals will be received by designated Commissioners of Town of Antioch, for the grading, draining and gravel road of the east end of the present gravel road, known as the Hickory road, section 15, in East Antioch, between the present gravel road and the east end of the present gravel road, part of said section and extending three-fourths (3/4) of a mile all to be done in accordance with specifications prepared by Russell, County Superintendent of Highways, and on file in the office of the Town Clerk of Antioch, Illinois. The undersigned reserve the right to increase or decrease the amount of work done in accordance with the bids received and the amount of funds available for the work.

Sealed proposals will be received at the hour of 2 p. m., on the 26th day of September A. D., 1914, by the Commissioners of said Town, at a meeting to be held in the Town Hall in the village of Antioch, Illinois. Each bidder will be required to file with his bid a certified check equal to at least five (5) percent of the amount of his bid. These certified checks shall be made payable to the Treasurer of Antioch Town, as a guarantee of good faith. If awarded contract that he or they will promptly enter into same and file a good and sufficient bond. The certified checks of the unsuccessful bidders will be returned as soon as contract is awarded, but the checks of the successful bidder will be retained until he or they file a good and sufficient bond according to specifications.

The work is to be started in ten (10) days from date of contract, and completed in ninety (90) days from date of contract, to be paid for on monthly estimates to the amount of eighty-five (85) percent of same and the balance upon completion and acceptance of work.

The undersigned Commissioners of Highways and County Superintendent of Highways reserve the right to reject any and all bids if they deem it to be the best interests of the Town and County to do so.

Dated this 7th day of September A. D. 1914.

Frank Dunn,  
W. A. Stern,  
Alonzo P. Little,  
Commissioners of Highways.  
C. F. Richerds,  
Town Clerk.

Chas. E. Russell,  
County Superintendent of Highways

## REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

FURNISHED BY  
Lake County Title and Trust Co.  
Abstracts of Title, Title Guaranteed.  
MASONIC TEMPLE BUILDING  
WAUKEGAN - ILLINOIS  
LOUIS J. GURNER Secretary

Louis Voigt and wife to Emanuel Olsen and wife 80 acres in sec 13 Antioch twp w d \$ 10 00  
Gertrude Davies (sister) to Jessie B. Daies a 165 5 blk 38, South Waukegan North Chicago \$ 600 00

## BLOOMS IN MANY MONTHS

Goldenrod Has Been Wrongly Considered to Be Altogether an Autumn Flower.

Most of us associate the goldenrod with autumn. It seems to have been created to serve Indian summer—as an artist whose duty it is to color the roadside, to border the lake with a strip of flame, to provide a foreground of trustworthy and unerring pigment against the indefinable blues and purples of the distance.

But the goldenrod is probably more a summer flower than a flower of the fall, that is, if you consider all the species and sub-species as one. There are goldenrods that bloom in June. There are several that come in July and are dry and colorless stalks when September arrives. Though the flower rests under the accusation of causing hay fever by means of its air-borne pollen, the fact that it has blossomed and, in the case of many species, faded before the official opening day of hay fever, appears to make out an alibi for it. Moreover, these resents in the North where hay fever victims fly as to so many sanctuaries, are not free of the goldenrod. We doubt if one of the refugees, if it is not a mere lump of rock in the lake, can truly say that no goldenrod parades its treasure within the vicinity.

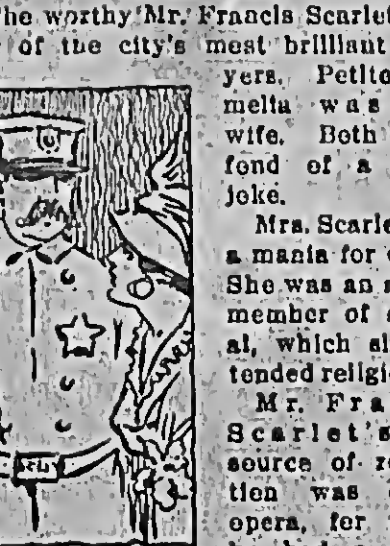
## Extraordinary Reproduction.

The fat worm about half an inch long called Planaria velata, it has been discovered, reproduces itself in a most extraordinary manner. When it grows old it loses its appetite, its colors fade and its movements become slow. It drops a tiny fragment of its tail, then another, still another and so on, until it has left about half of its body in scattered pieces. Each detached piece curls up, secretes a mucus that soon dries and forms a hard shell. In this condition the fragments remain throughout the summer, fall and winter. In the spring the shells burst and liberate many minute worms, which eat voraciously and soon grow to adult size.

## ONE MATINEE TICKET

By BRADLEY VANDAWORKER.

(Copyright.)  
The worthy Mr. Francis Scarlet was one of the city's most brilliant lawyers. Petlio Pamela was his wife. Both were fond of a little joke.



Mrs. Scarlet had a mania for clubs. She was an active member of several, which she attended religiously.

Mr. Francis Scarlet's one source of recreation was a cabaret opera, for which he had a weakness; particularly opera of a spectacular nature requiring a large and good-looking chorus.

Upon the billboards there appeared the flaming pictures and large type announcing the coming of a much-talked-of musical extravaganza. Passing the box-office Mr. Scarlet was unable to resist the purchase of a seat.

The next morning as he dozed his waistcoat a single thread broke and a button fell to the floor.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "I can't go into court with a button off." "Perhaps I can fasten it," smiled Pamela.

With a sigh of relief he tore off the waistcoat, handing it to her as she returned with needles and thread. Then he went to the library to collect some papers.

After sewing on the button, Mrs. Scarlet gave the waistcoat a shake. A small envelope containing a matinee ticket fluttered to her feet.

Snatching up her scissors she cut down a postal card to the exact size of the ticket. Inserting the counterfeited she sealed the envelope.

Precisely at two o'clock Francis Scarlet, with a flower in his button-hole, entered the theater lobby. Tearing open the envelope he drew out the bogus ticket.

"What is thunder is this!" he exclaimed. For some weeks small articles and loose coin had disappeared from the office. Suspicion lay between the clerks and the janitor.

Having an acquaintance with the opera house manager he explained the circumstances, with a view to catching the thief.

"Do you remember the location of your seat?" he inquired. "No. 5; Row 1; Center."

"Go in and enjoy the show," suggested the manager. "I'll watch for the culprit."

Shortly a well-dressed lady presented ticket No. 5; Row 1; Center. At a sign from the manager an officer approached.

"Guess you'll have to come along with me, lady."

"Sit!" "You're under arrest," he affirmed. By this time the attention of the late comers was attracted and a crowd blocked the entrance.

"Come, hurry her out of here," commanded the manager. "I'm Mr. Scarlet's wife," informed Pamela.

"You can tell that to the sergeant," sneered the policeman. Before she knew it she was rattling down the street in the patrol wagon.

At the station-house she failed to convince any one of her identity. Dire threats of vengeance, and pleadings that would melt a stone made little impression upon the sergeant. The most she gained was permission to sit in his office until Mr. Scarlet appeared.

"Hello! Yes, this is the police station. That you, Mr. Scarlet? We got her safe enough. Says she is your wife. What's that? Wife gone to a club meeting. Oh, yes, I'll hold her till Monday morning. Good-by."

Calling the matron, the sergeant gave orders to have the prisoner held for trial.

Back to his seat went Mr. Scarlet for the final act. By the time he reached home it was nearly eight o'clock. The telephone bell was ringing furiously as he entered the house.

"Hello!" "This is the police station," answered the sergeant. "The lady has club membership cards with your wife's name."

"Why didn't she show them in the first place?" interrupted Scarlet. "She's trying to fool you."

"Says she didn't think of it," continued the sergeant. "Of course, she is lying, but you'd better come down and see about it."

Securing a cab Scarlet drove to the station at breakneck pace. When he entered the sergeant's office Pamela threw herself into his arms, exclaiming:

"Francis! how could you do it? Take me away from here."

"It's all a mistake, sergeant. Come, Pamela."

Not a word was said till they were nearly home.

Pamela's hand stole quietly into his. Cautiously he gave it a gentle squeeze.

"Pamela," said Francis, "did you take that ticket out of my pocket?" "Yes," she timidly replied.

"Well, I guess after this, if you can spare the time from the clubs, we'd better attend matinees together."

"I'm going to resign from every one of them," she replied.

## CHANCERY NOTICE

State of Illinois, County of Lake, ss. Circuit Court of Lake County, October Term A. D. 1914. Thomas Hurley Crofts vs. Amy Sparling Crofts, No. 8333. The requisite affidavit having been filed in the office of clerk of said court, Notice is here, by virtue of the said above named Defendant, that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said Court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Lake County, to be held at the Court House in Waukegan in said Lake County, the first Monday of October A. D. 1914, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

LEWIS O. HOCKEYWAY, Clerk.  
Waukegan, Illinois, Aug. 23 A. D. 1914.  
Wm. A. Deane, Complainant's Solicitor.

## Ordinance

Be it ordained by the Village Council of the Village of Antioch in the County of Lake, State of Illinois.

Section 1. That permission and authority is hereby given and granted to the Standard Oil company, a corporation organized and doing business under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Indiana, to construct and maintain for a period of fifty years in the following described property, to-wit:

Plat of survey of part of NW 1/4 of sec. 8, T. 46, N. R. 10 E. 3rd p. m. Warehouses, tanks and other buildings necessary for its business, and to store therein illuminating oils, coal oils, naphtha, gasoline or any other mineral oils or fluids, the product of petroleum, in quantities sufficient to meet the requirements of its business.

Section 2. All ordinances and parts of ordinances in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

Section 3. This ordinance shall be in force and effect on and after its passage and acceptance in writing by the said Standard Oil company.

Passed Sept. 15, 1914.

Published Sept. 24, 1914.

W. S. Rinear,  
President  
Elmer Brook,  
Clerk, protem.

## Made It More Valuable.

At a whist party an unmarried lady won a consolation prize which proved to be a small dressed doll in male attire. Unwrapping the toy, the donor discovered that the head had been broken off. "Never mind," exclaimed the recipient, good-naturedly. "I will prize it all the more on that account. It's the first man that ever lost his head over me in all my life."

## Philology as an Oil Lure.

Here is a French linguist and geographer, who proposes to discover petroleum oil fields by means of native names of localities. He says that he has thus far located an oil field in Algeria, the nature of whose surroundings would never have suggested the existence of oil. He says there are several such places in Indo-China, and he suggests that France look over its possessions with such a scheme in mind.

## Japanese Luncheon Box.

In Japan a low councilman who tried the railway station sandwich fete would promptly "get the bird."

In a railway magazine appears a beautiful colored plate illustrating the contents of a Japanese railway luncheon box.

According to the letter-press, one of these costs only sixpence, and contains a box of pickled vegetables, chopsticks, paper napkins, box of boiled rice, box of meat, roasted fish, ginger, chicken, lobster, cooked egg, boiled mushroom and hashed beans.

## Laws Against Noise.

Germany has probably the most complete laws in the world against superfluous noise. For noises annoying the "public in general," an individual can be fined up to \$7, or else imprisoned. For instance, a barking dog or cackling fowl which disturbs a school, makes its owner liable under the law. In Berlin it is forbidden to transport through the streets articles such as sheet iron, chains, and other metal objects liable to make a noise, unless packed so as to be noiseless. New ordinances, now coming into force, forbid not only music in the streets without police permission, but also forbid music to be played or sung in the buildings where it can be heard in the streets.

## Matter of Feet.

"I say, Wilkie, I can't get any speed out of that car you sold me. I thought you said you were arrested six times in it?" "So I was, for obstructing the traffic."

## Sale on Farm Implements

We are going to offer our stock of Implements, including riding plows, walking plows, seeders, disc harrow, etc., and also buggies and a number of articles at a price that will enable you to invest and have it to use this fall and be ready for next spring's work.

Sale will commence September 1st and continue through September or until stock is sold.

See our line of stoves before buying, we have them ready for the cool weather soon to come.

Plenty of Binding Twine For Fall Use

E. L. WALD & CO.

Lake Villa Illinois

## Get Your Coal Now

Before the Advance

in Price

Pittston Coal

Is Absolutely

Guaranteed

I am closing out Patton's Sun Proof Paint at the following prices:

GALLONS - - - \$1.60

HALF GALLONS - - - 80c.

QUARTS - - - 40c.

F. J. HUNT

ANTIOCH, ILL.



## LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the  
Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, ILL., Sept. 21.—The Committee declared butter at 29.

All kinds of Mackinaw coats at Webb's.

Chas. VanPatten was in Waukegan Thursday.

Chase Webb was a Chicago business visitor Tuesday.

Miss Mable Turner of Grayslake spent Sunday with friends here.

Brad Webb of Crystal Falls, was calling on Antioch relatives over Sunday.

Chauncey Barber of Chetek, is visiting his parents and other relatives and friends here.

For Sale—A large bay mare, weight 1400, age 14 years. Oetting Farm, Channel Lake. 4w. adv

New beds, springs, mattress, dining chairs, rockers, etc., arriving this week at Ted Lenore's. adv

Anything in the fall underwear line at Webb's.

Wanted—farm in Lake county, 60 to 120 acres. Give location and full particulars. Must be bargain. No agents.

New Columbia records received every week. Will play on any phonograph. Come in and hear them at Ted Lenore's. adv

Mrs. A. G. Watson, Mrs. Charles Richards and Miss Villa Larson attended the dressmakers convention in Chicago Friday.

Mrs. R. M. Haynes, Mrs. John Hancock and Mrs. Nels Neilsen visited their sister in Chicago Monday. They were given no hope of her recovery.

Lost—On the road between Smith's and Belters on the Channel Lake road on Wednesday, a silk crocheted cap. Finder please leave same at Harry Smith's.

Anyone having farm land for sale is requested to call at this office and list the same with us, as we frequently come in touch with persons wishing to purchase.

At the Quarterly Conference of the M. E. church last Saturday night Rev. Stixrud was unanimously invited to return for the fifth year to the pastorate of the church.

Preaching at the M. E. church next Sunday morning and evening by the pastor. Sunday, Oct. 4, will be the last Sunday the pastor will preach here before conference.

Gasoline and kerosene stoves at Hunt's.

When you know an item of news send it in. If you have company or are going away on a visit tell us about it. We can't be everywhere to pick up the news items and your aid is thoroughly appreciated.

Eugene Herman and family left on Monday morning for an auto trip to Grand Rapids, Wis., where they will visit for two weeks with relatives of Mrs. Herman's.

Dr. Barber, Optician and Optometrist is in Antioch every two weeks at the residence of H. J. Barber. His next date is Thursday, Oct. 1. Office hours from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. All work guaranteed.

Another race is scheduled to take place at the local race track at Russell, on Sunday, Sept. 27. Thirty-seven horses have already been entered and more are to follow. This race was formerly announced for October 4, but on account of a change of plans by the management, the date was changed to one week earlier. Purses are as follows: 2:30 class, \$50; 2:45 class, \$40; 3:00 class, \$30; green class \$20. There will also be one running race. Purses will be divided three ways. Entry 5 percent. Races commence at 1:30 sharp. Music furnished by the Kenosha band. Admission 25 cents, grandstand, 10 cents.

Scotch Economy.  
A Glasgow merchant widely known for his stinginess, came into his office one morning and found a young clerk writing a letter in rather a flourishing hand. "My man," he observed, "dinas mak' the talk o' yer ge and ya quite so long. I want the ink to last the quarter out."

Cheered Too Soon.  
The new master on his first day at the school had all the pupils gathered in the hall, where he delivered an address to them, in the course of which he remarked that he did not believe in canes. At this point he was interrupted by ringing cheers from his youthful audience. "A far better thing," he continued, beaming at them through his spectacles, "is a good stout strap of the best leather."

Not Frequently Met.  
A right measure and manner in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, ending, borrowing and bequeathing would almost argue a perfect man.—Dr. Henry Taylor.

John Hiserodt of Chicago is visiting his sister Mrs. Chas. Alvers.

The condition of Mrs. Tracy Davis was reported as improved Tuesday.

Geo. Lewis, Sr., transacted business in Waukegan Monday.

Lewis' Fly-Killer for stock, at Hunt's. adv

John Welch of Libertyville was an Antioch visitor Tuesday.

A number of local people are attending the fair at Elkhorn today (Thursday)

Get your prices on stoves before buying. Heating stoves from \$5 up. Ted Lenore. adv

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pullen returned home Monday evening from their northern trip.

Sewing machine supplies for any machine. Machines cleaned and repaired. J. C. James. 4m-adv

When it comes to binding twine Deering Standards leads, others follow. Ask Hunt about it. adv

There will be German Lutheran services at the Christian Church on next Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Barber spent the week end in Crystal Lake, at the home of their son, Dr. Barber.

Postmaster Huber attended the annual meeting of state postmasters at Waukegan Tuesday and Wednesday.

Who said Mackinaw coats? Chase Webb. adv

I sell Kimball pianos and Columbia gramophones. After you have seen the rest, come to me and buy the best. Ted Lenore. adv

Mrs. Alvin Vickers of Chetek, Wis., is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Gid Thayer. Mr. Thayer's condition is not improving.

"Safety First" Electric Lanterns at Hunt's. adv

Mr. and Mrs. James Hayes and family of Libertyville are here for a couple of weeks visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Taylor.

We would like to secure a correspondent for the News at Millburn. Any one wishing to act as such please communicate with this office.

Lost—A gold watch and chain. With tam movement, hunting case. Finder please return to Chas. VanPatten, Antioch and receive liberal reward.

For Sale—One of the best 100 acre farms in Lake Villa town. Good buildings, water, fruit and berries and land first class. Inquire at this office.

Mackinaw coats for boys at Webb's.

Miss Gertrude Felter is reported to be getting along nicely at the present time, although it will be sometime yet before she will be able to leave the hospital.

J. E. Sibley and Son have been awarded the contract for the erection of a \$6,000 barn at Lake Villa for Wm. Walker. The barn will be modern in every respect and one of the best in that vicinity.

My eyesight specialist and optician of Chicago, will be at my store on Saturday, Sept. 26, from 3 p. m. to 8 p. m. Please bear this date in mind and do not fail to see him if you are in need of spectacles or eye treatment. Eyes examined free. Prices reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wm. Keulman, Jeweler and Optician, Antioch. adv

The Volunteer Fire department is now as proud as the proverbial peacock. Last week two new extension ladders, two short ladders, two chemical and some new hose was added to their supplies. The entire equipment has been repainted and put in first class shape and the boys are now only waiting for a call to show their willingness to serve.

Fault is Man's.  
Nature does nothing without a purpose. When she endowed the rabbit with a gift of collectivism, a bent toward conspiracy and stratagem, it was a hint to man to come to terms with the rabbit and turn its powers to account. It is man's own fault when the rabbit develops militant tendencies and employs its peculiar talents to work him embarrassment.

Policeman's Badge of Authority.  
In equipment the policeman varies from a walking arsenal, such as the Jericho policeman, to the clubless patrolman of one or two American cities. The club, however, is recognized as the policeman's badge of authority. In Darjeeling the policeman carries a red pole about six feet long. In Seville the night police are armed with long spears, such as the knights of old used.

But Then She Knows.  
A woman never realizes how disagreeable a malady the grip is until her husband gets it.—Detroit Free Press.

Paints and oils of all kind at Hunt's.

Just received a new supply of baggies. Frank Hunt. adv

Clair Kelly is visiting friends at Ridgeway, Wis., this week.

Ted Lenore this week sold a fine new Kimball piano to Wm. Ross.

The Waukegan Rug company man will be in Antioch, Tuesday, Sept. 29.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dupre and family visited over Sunday with relative at Aurora.

For Sale—A good surrey and buggy. Buena park, East Side Fox Lake. B. Boyah, Antioch, Route 1. 2w

Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Karr, who have spent the summer here returned to Detroit, Michigan, on Monday.

A. J. Jacobson has sold his house and five acres of land on the north village limits to Marie Stepanek, of Chicago.

We have purchasers for farm land in this vicinity. If you have any to sell call at this office and let us know about it.

Mrs. Arthur Edgar, Mrs. W. H. Osmond, Archie Maplethorpe and Robert Smart autoed to the Elkhorn fair Thursday.

Something new and interesting at the Crystal theater three times every week. Come and bring your friends with you.

There will be a dance at the Columbia hall at Silverlake, Friday evening, Sept. 27. Morrell's orchestra will furnish the music.

Miss Helen Edwards returned to her home in Chicago Monday after having spent the past week with her sister, Miss Bessie Edwards and other friends here.

Dr. and Mrs. Barber and Mrs. Beatty of Crystal Lake and Mr. and Mrs. Barber of Antioch motored to Woodstock, Friday evening and attended the show there and also called on Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Blanchard.

Wanted to purchase—A cottage on Lake Catherine or Channel lake. Cottage must be good size and if there is not barn on lot there must be room for building one. Anyone having such property for sale please notify this office.

While at work on the Coyne farm Monday Jas. Hoyer received several bruises and a severe shaking up when he fell from a load of corn stalks. At first it was feared that his injuries were of a serious nature, but fortunately later developments proved the reverse.

A home talent entertainment "The Splinter Convention" will be given by about twenty young ladies of Antioch at M. E. church, Friday evening, Oct. 2, at 8 p. m. Under the auspices of the Epworth League. Admission adults 20 cents, children under 15, 10 cents. Come and enjoy a good laugh.

GOOD MAN'S ONLY EXCUSE

Simply It Is This: "I Have Done My Best and Accomplished Nothing."

The deeds of good men are like candles blown out with one blast; and he is only good who gives all he can. It is not enough to give a little; he must give himself; like a bird singing in springtime, offering its whole body to the sun. The good man knows that to plead the old excuse, "I have done nothing," is to plead guilty to a crime. "I have done my best and accomplished nothing." That he may and must say; and that man can show a better record upon earth than he who has done much; for the world loves a villain and despises the victim. Alexander and Napoleon live forever, but who thinks of those they slaughtered? The philosophy of men and deeds may be summed up in one sentence: They whom the world can understand are great; they whom the world cannot understand are rogues until they die. The maid of Domremy was a witch while she lived. Socrates was a corrupter of morals, Christ was a lawbreaker in the temple and all were murdered. The shedding of blood is the one act that the world does understand, therefore the little Great is given to those who have shed the most. But the good men, the Socrates who sheds light upon human folly, the little father of the birds and flowers, the chaplain of a leper island, who gives the little Great to these? They cannot live until they are dead; not until their bones have perished are they loved and then with the wondering kindness of pity, of indifference.—From "Granite" by John Trevena.

Remarkable Telescope.  
A Scotsman was one day observing to a friend that he had an excellent telescope. "Do you see you kirk?" said he. "Although it's scarcely discernible with the naked eye, when I look at it through my telescope I bring it so close I can hear the organ playing."

## Deceptive Weights.

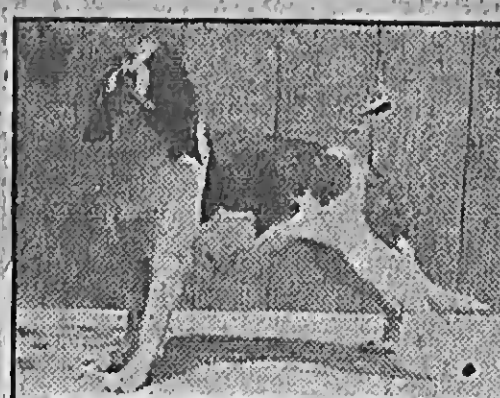
Here is a good trick to play upon the fellow who "knows it all." He will be surprised when shown that he is wrong. "Inflate a large empty paper bag and tie it up air-tight. Place the bag on the palm of one hand, and into the palm of the other hand take such a quantity of coin or other metal as will seem to equal the bag in weight. If the observer does not know of the illusion or suspect it, the paper bag will be found to weigh ten to twenty times as much as the metal with which it was matched."

## Monial.

A young Californian woman who would marry doesn't mean, however, all wed what is known in the street as a dead.

## at Repartee.

Williams, after selling who do you put it on or the credit side? After a half second's put it on the truck."



## \$25.00 REWARD

for the recovery, or information leading to recovery, of this black and white female Beagle Hound, lost June 8th, in the region of Grays Lake, Lake Co., Ill. She was due to have puppies June 23rd.

Notify Dr. W. S. BELLINGS  
Waukegan, Ill.

**INGALLS BROS.**  
Waukegan  
OPTOMETRISTS  
Graduates of McCormick  
OPTICAL COLLEGE

EYES TESTED GLASSES FITTED  
ARTIFICIAL EYES

**THIS IS IT!**  
USE  
**A-B**  
STOVE POLISH  
QUICK!—EASY!  
OUTLASTS ALL OTHERS!  
SOLE EVERYWHERE!  
**A-B POLISH CO.**  
1515 HADDEN AVE.  
CHICAGO

**J. L. REDDING, D.**  
VETERINARY SURGEON  
Graduate Chicago Veterinary School  
Office  
EDWARDS HOTEL—R  
Phone 3

**J. C. James, Jr.**  
Justice of the Peace  
Real Estate  
Both Fire and Life Insurance  
Fire Insurance  
Good Term  
Accident and Life Insurance  
onable Rates and Good Service  
J. C. James, Jr., Antioch, Ill.

**BANK OF ANTIOCH**  
EDWARD BROOK  
BANKER  
Buy and Sell Exchange and do a General Banking Business  
**J. C. JAMES, JR.**  
UNDERTAKER  
LICENSED EMBALMER  
Licensed by the State Board of Health

Lotus Camp No. 557 M. W. A.  
Meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month in Woodmen hall, Antioch, Ill. Visiting neighbors always welcome.  
Ed. GARNETT, Sec'y  
J. C. James, Clerk

**T. N. DONNELLY & CO.**  
Loan and Diamond Brokers  
Number 24 North Dearborn St.  
Diamonds, Watches and all kinds of Jewels at less than cost. A half the price for regular stores. Dec 1911

SEQUOIA LODGE No. 827, A. F. & A. M., hold regular communications the first and third Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting Brethren always welcome.  
FRANK HUBER, Sec'y  
ELMER BROOK, W. M.  
The Eastern Star meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month.  
IDA OSBORN, W. M.  
Gertrude Brook, Sec'y.

**L. G. STRANG**  
Licensed Embalmer and Funeral Directors  
ANTIOCH, . . . ILLINOIS  
Phone 311  
Also Farmer's Line

## NOTICE

We are still serving the people of Antioch and vicinity in a gentlemanly way. When it comes to the purchase of a piano we will guarantee you a saving from twenty-five to Seventy-five dollars. Why not investigate? Our experience as teacher for twenty years in Waukegan should teach us how and where to buy to save you as well as ourselves. Will you investigate our goods before you buy and convince yourself we are correct in our boast? We always figure your dollar just as big as the other fellows, and our guarantee is as strong as a government bond.

LOOK US UP  
**FULTON MUSIC COMPANY**  
Waukegan, Illinois

## RACES

Ideal Race Track  
Russell, Illinois

**SUNDAY, SEPT. 27**

Commencing 1:30 P. M. SHARP

## Purses as Follows:

2:30 Class	- \$50.00	3:00 Class	- \$30.00
2:45 Class	- 40.00	Green Class	- 20.00

One Running Race

## Purses to Be Divided 3 Ways

Entry 5 per cent

Music Furnished By Kenosha Band

Admission 25c. Grand Stand 10c

## FIRE INSURANCE

DON'T wait till your house burns down before you secure insurance.

If you are not carrying insurance, or if you wish to secure more or make a change, call on us and let us figure with you.

We have some of the best companies and can give you the lowest rates

**JOHNSON & JOHNSON**

News Office

Antioch, Ill.





SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrاندall is found murdered in a room near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrاندall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Wrاندall, it appears, had led a gay life and neglected his wife. Mrs. Wrاندall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrاندall. Feeling that the girl had done her a service in ridding her of the man who though she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow, Mrs. Wrاندall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrاندall honors the story of the girl's life, except that portion that relates to Wrاندall. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl ever to tell. She offers the girl home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy. Mrs. Sara Wrاندall and her attend the funeral of Challis Wrاندall at the home of his parents. Sara Wrاندall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year in Europe. Leslie Wrاندall, brother of Challis, makes himself useful to Sara and becomes greatly interested in Hetty.

**CHAPTER VI.—Continued.**  
Sara and Hetty did not stay long in town. The newspapers announced the return of Challis Wrاندall's widow and reporters sought her out for interviews. The old interest was revived and columns were printed about the murder at Burton's Inn, with sharp editorial comments on the failure of the police to clear up the mystery.

"I shall ask Leslie down for the weekend," said Sara, this third day after their arrival in the country. The house was huge and lonely, and time hung rather heavily despite the glorious uplift of spring.

Hetty looked up quickly from her book. A look of dismay flickered in her eyes for an instant and then gave way to the calmness that had come to dwell in their depths of late. Her lips parted in the sudden impulse to cry out against the plan, but she checked the words. For a moment her dark, questioning eyes studied the face of her benefactress; then, as if nothing had been revealed to her, she allowed her gaze to drift pensively out toward the sunset sea.

They were sitting on the broad veranda overlooking the sound. The dusk of evening was beginning to steal over the earth. She laid her book aside.

"Will you telephone in to him after dinner, Hetty?" went on Sara, after a long period of silence.

Again Hetty started. This time a look of actual pain flashed in her eyes. "Would not a note by post be more certain to find him in the—" she began hurriedly.

"I dislike writing notes," said Sara firmly. "Of course, dear, if you feel that you'd rather not telephone him, ring—"

"This dare say I am lonely, Sara," apologized Hetty in quick contrition. "Of full as he is your brother. I should hope—"

"hooked brother-in-law, dear," said Sara, 49-cent too literally.

"He will come often to your house," said Hetty rapidly. "I must make yoked of it."

"I can't see him through your eyes, Sara."

"But he is charming and agreeable, don't admit," persisted the other.

"He is very kind, and he is devoted to you. I should like him for that."

"You have no cause for disliking him."

"I do not dislike him. I—I am—Oh, you always have been so thoughtful, so considerate, Sara! I can't understand your failing to see how hard it is for me to—well, to endure his open-hearted friendship."

Sara was silent for a moment. "You draw a pretty nice line, Hetty," she said gently.

Hetty flushed. "You mean that there is little to choose between wife and brother? That isn't quite fair. You know everything, he knows nothing. I wear a mask for him; you have seen into the very heart of me. It isn't the same."

Sara came over and stood beside the girl's chair. After a moment of indecision she laid her hand on Hetty's shoulder. The girl looked up, the ever-recurring question in her eyes.

"We haven't spoken of—of these things in many months, Hetty."

"Not since Mrs. Wrاندall and Vivian came to Nice. I was upset—dreadfully upset then, Sara. I don't know how I managed to get through with it."

"But you managed it," pronounced Sara. Her fingers seemed to tighten suddenly on the girl's shoulder. "I think we were quite wonderful, both of us. It wasn't easy for me."

"Why did we come back to New York, Sara?" burst out Hetty, clasp her brother's hand as if suddenly stirred by terror. "We were happy over there. And free!"

"Listen, my dear," said Sara, a hard note growing in her voice. "This is my home. I do not love it, but I can be no reason for abandoning it. That's why we came back to New York."

Hetty pressed her friend's hand to her lips. "Forgive me," she cried impulsively. "I shouldn't have complained. It was deplorable."

"Be quiet," went on Sara evenly. "You were quite free to remain on the other side. I left it to you."

"You gave me a week to think," said Hetty in a hurried, breathless, speaking. "I—I look but a few hours—less than that. Over the office you remember. I love you and I could not leave you. All right, I could feel you pulling at my strings, pulling me closer, at the time, and yet all the time you seemed to be bending over me in the darkness, urging me to stay with you and love you and be loved by you. It couldn't have been a dream."

"It was not a dream," said Sara, with a queer smile.

"I do love you," was the firm answer. Sara was staring across the water, her eyes big and as black as night itself. She seemed to be looking far beyond the misty lights that bobbed with nearby schooners, far beyond the yellow mass on the opposite shore where a town lay cradled in the shadows, far into the fast darkening sky that came up like a wall out of the east.

Hetty's fingers tightened in a warmer clasp. Unconsciously perhaps, Sara's grip on the girl's shoulder tightened also; unconsciously, for her thoughts were far away. The younger woman's pensive gaze rested on the peaceful waters below, taking in the slow approach of the fog that was soon to envelop the land. Neither spoke for many minutes; inscrutable thinkers, each a prey to thoughts that leaped backward to the beginning and took up the puzzle at its inception.

"I wonder—" began Hetty, her eyes narrowing with the intensity of thought. She did not complete the sentence.

Sara answered the unspoken question. "It will never be different from what it is now, unless you make it so."

Hetty started. "How could you have known what I was thinking?" she cried in wonder.

"It is what you are always thinking, my dear. You are always asking yourself when will I turn against you."

"Sara!"

"Your own intelligence should supply the answer to all the questions you are asking of yourself. It is too late for me to turn against you."

She abruptly removed her hand from Hetty's shoulder and walked to the edge of the veranda. For the first time, the English girl was conscious of pain. She drew her arm up and cringed. She pulled the light scarf about her bare shoulders.

The butler appeared in the doorway. "The telephone, if you please, Miss Castleton. Mr. Leslie Wrاندall is calling."

The girl stared. "For me, Watson?"

"Yes, miss."

Hetty had risen, visibly agitated. "What shall I say to him, Sara?" she cried.

"Apparently it is he who has something to say to you," said the other, still smiling. "Wait and see what it is. Please don't neglect to say that we'd like to have him over Sunday."

"A box of flowers has just come up from the station for you, miss," said Watson.

Hetty was very white as she passed into the house. Mrs. Wrاندall resumed her contemplation of the fog-screened sound.

"Shall I fetch you a wrap, ma'am?" asked Watson, hesitating.

"I am coming in, Watson. Open the box of flowers for Miss Castleton. Is there a line to the library?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wrاندall."

"Mr. Leslie will be out on Saturday. Tell Mrs. Conkling."

"The evening train, ma'am?"

"No. The eleven-thirty. He will be here for luncheon."

When Hetty hurried into the library a few minutes later, her manner was that of one considerably disturbed by something that has transpired almost on the moment. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were reflectors of a no uncertain distress of mind.

Mrs. Wrاندall was standing before the fireplace, an exquisite figure in the silken black evening gown which she affected in these days. Her perfectly modelled neck and shoulders gleamed

like pink marble in the reflected glow of the burning logs. She wore no jewelry, but there was a single white rose in her dark hair, where it had been placed by the whimsical Hetty an hour earlier as they left the dinner table.

"He is coming out on the eleven-thirty, Sara," said the girl nervously, "unless you will send the motor in for him. The body of his car is being changed and it's in the shop. He must have been jostling when he said he would pay for the petrol—I should have said gasoline."

Sara laughed. "You will know him better, my dear," she said. "Leslie is very light-hearted."

"He suggested bringing a friend," went on Hetty hurriedly. "A Mr. Booth, the portrait painter."

"I met him in Italy. He is charming. You will like him, too, Hetty."

# The Hollow of Her Hand

## George Barr McCutcheon

GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON: COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY



Sara interrupted. "You are paying me, dear, instead of the law," she said gently. "I am not a harsh creditor, am I?"

"My life belongs to you. I give it cheerfully, even gladly."

"So you have said before. Well, if it belongs to me, you might at least permit me to develop it as I would any other possession. I take it as an investment. It will probably fluctuate."

"Now you are jesting!"

"Perhaps," said Sara laconically.

The next morning Hetty set forth for her accustomed tramp over the roads that wound through the estate. Sara, the American, dawdled at home, resenting the chill spring drizzle that did not in the least discourage the Englishwoman.

She came to the bridge by the mill, long since deserted and now a thing of ruin and decay. A man in knickerbockers stood leaning against the rail, idly gazing down at the trickling stream below. The briar pipe that

formed the circuit between hand and lips sent up soft blue coils to float away on the drizzle.

She passed behind him, with a single furtive, curious glance at his hand. Some, undisturbed profile and in that glance recognized him as the man she had seen the day before.

When she was a dozen rods away, the tall man turned his face from the stream and sent after her the long-restrained look. There was something akin to cautiousness in that look of his, as if he were afraid that she might turn her head suddenly and catch him at it. Something began stirring in his heart, the nameless something that awakens when least expected. He felt the subtle, sweet femininity of her as she passed. It lingered with him as he looked.

She turned the bend in the road a hundred yards away. For many minutes she studied the stream below without really seeing it. Then he straightened up, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and set off slowly in her wake, although he had been walking in quite the opposite direction when he came to the bridge—and on a mission of some consequence, too.

There was the chance that he would meet her coming back.

**CHAPTER VII.**  
A Faithful Crayon-Point.

Leslie Wrاندall came out on the eleven-thirty. Hetty was at the station with the motor, a sullen resentment in her heart, but a welcoming smile on her lips. The sun shone brightly. The sound gleared with the white of reflected skies.

"I thought of catching the eight o'clock," he cried enthusiastically, as he dropped his bag beside the motor in order to reach over and shake hands with her. "That would have gotten me here hours earlier. The difficulty was that I didn't think of the eight o'clock until I awoke at nine."

"And then you had the additional task of thinking about breakfast," said Hetty, but without a trace of sarcasm in her manner.

"I never think of breakfast," said he amiably. "I merely eat it. Of course, it's a task to eat it sometimes, but—well, how are you? How do you like it out here?"

He was beside her on the broad seat, his face beaming, his gay little mustache pointing upward at the ends like oblique brown exclamation points, so expansive was his smile.

"I adore it," she replied, her own smile glowing in response to his. It was impossible to resist the good nature of him. She could not dislike him, even though she dreaded him deep down in her heart. Her blood was hot and cold by turns when she was with him, as her mind opened and shut to thoughts pleasant and unpleasant with something of the regularity of a fish's gills in breathing.

"When I got to heaven I mean to have a place in the country the year round," he said conclusively.

"And if you don't get to heaven?"

"I suppose I'll take a furnished flat somewhere."

Sara was waiting for them at the bottom of the terrace as they drove up. He leaped out and kissed her hand.

"Much obliged," he murmured, with a slight twist of his head in the direction of Hetty, who was giving orders to the chauffeur.

"You're quite welcome," said Sara, with a smile of understanding. "She's lovely, isn't she?"

"Enchanting!" said he, almost too loudly.

Hetty walked up the long ascent ahead of them. She did not have to look back to know that they were watching her with unfaltering interest. She could feel their gaze.

"Absolutely adorable," he added, enlarging his estimate without really being aware that he voiced it.

Sara shot a look at his rapt face, and turned her own away to hide the queer little smile that flickered briefly and died away.

Hetty, pleading a sudden headache, declined to accompany them later on in the day when they set forth in the car to "pick up" Brandon Booth at the inn. They were to bring him over, bag and baggage, to stay till Tuesday.

"He will be wild to paint her," declared Leslie when they were out of sight around the bend in the road. He had waved his hat to Hetty just before the trees shut off their view of her. She was standing at the top of the steps beside one of the tall Italian vases.

"I've never seen such eyes," he exclaimed.

"She's a darling," said Sara and changed the subject, knowing full well that he would come back to it before long.

"I'm mad about her," he said simply, and then, for some unaccountable reason, gave over being loquacious and lapsed into a state of almost lugubrious quiet.

She glanced at his face, furtively at first, as if uncertain of his mood, then with a prolonged stare that was frankly curious and amused.

"Don't lose your head, Leslie," she said softly, almost purring.

He started. "Oh, I say, Sara, I'm not likely to—"

"Stranger things have happened," she interrupted, with a shake of her head. "I can't afford to have you making love to her and getting tired of the game, as you always do, dear boy, just as soon as you find she's in love with you. She is too dear to be hurt in that way. You mustn't!"

"Good Lord!" he cried; "what a boulder you must take me for! Why, if I thought about— But nonsense! Let's talk about something else. Yourself, for instance."

She leaned back with a smile on her lips, but not in her eyes; and drew a long, deep breath. He was hard hit. That was what she wanted to know.

They found Booth at the inn. He was sitting on the old-fashioned porch, surrounded by bags and boxes. As he climbed into the car after the bags, the boys grinned and jangled the coins in their pockets and ventured, almost in unison, the intelligence that they would all be there if he ever came back again. Big and little, they had transported his easel and canvases from place to place for three weeks or more and his departure was to be regarded as a financial calamity.

Leslie, perhaps in the desire to be alone with his reflections, sat forward with the chauffeur, and paid little or no heed to the unhappy person's comments on the vile condition of all village thoroughfares, New York city included.

"And you painted those wretched little boys instead of the beautiful things that nature provides for us out here, Mr. Booth?" Sara was saying to the artist beside her.

"Of course I managed to get a bit of nature, even at that," said he, with a smile. "Boys are pretty close to earth, you know. To be perfectly honest, I did it in order to get away from the eminently beautiful but unnatural things I'm required to paint at home."

"I suppose we will see you at the Wrاندall place this summer."

"I'm coming out to paint Leslie's sister in June, I believe. And that reminds me, I came upon an uncommonly pretty girl not far from your place the other day—and yesterday, as well—as some one I've met before, unless I'm vastly mistaken. I wonder if you know your neighbors well enough—by sight, at least—to venture a good guess as to who I mean?"

She appeared thoughtful.

"Oh, there are dozens of pretty girls in the neighborhood. Can't you remember where you met her?" She stopped suddenly, a swift look of apprehension in her eyes.

He failed to note the look or the broken sentence. He was searching in his coat pocket for something. Rejecting a letter from the middle of a small pocket, he held it out to her.

"I sketched this from memory. She posed all too briefly for me," he said.

On the back of the envelope was a remarkably good likeness of Hetty Castleton, done broadly, sketchily, with a crayon point, evidently drawn with haste while the impression was fresh, but long after she had passed out of range of his vision.

"I know her," said Sara quietly. "It's very clever, Mr. Booth."

"There is something hauntingly familiar about it," he went on, looking at the sketch with a frown of perplexity. "I've seen her somewhere, but for the life of me I can't place her. Perhaps in a crowded street, or the theater, or a railway train—just a fleeting glimpse, you know. But in any event I got a lasting impression. Queer things like that happen, don't you think so?"

Mrs. Wrاندall leaned forward and spoke to Leslie. As he turned, she handed him the envelope, without comment.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Booth is a mind reader," she explained. "He has been reading your thoughts, dear boy."

Booth understood, and grinned. "You don't mean to say—" he shot the dumfounded Leslie, still staring at the sketch. "Upon my word, it's a wonderful likeness, old chap. I didn't know you'd ever met her."

"Met her?" cried Booth, an amiable conspirator. "I've never met her."

"See here, don't try anything like that on me. How could you do this if you've never seen—"

"He is a mind reader," cried Sara. "Haven't you been thinking of her steadily for—well, we'll say ten minutes?" demanded Booth.

Leslie reddened. "Nonsense!"

"That's a mental telepathy sketch," said the artist, complacently.

"When did you do that?"

"This instant, you might say. See! Here is the crayon point. I always carry one around with me for just such—"

"All right," said Leslie blandly, at the same time putting the envelope in his own pocket; "we'll let it go at that. If you're so clever at mind pictures you can go to work and make another for yourself. I mean to keep this one."

"I say," began Booth, dismayed. "One's thoughts are his own," said the happy possessor of the sketch. He turned his back on them.

Sara was contrite. "He will never give it up," she lamented.

"Is he really hard hit?" asked Booth in surprise.

"I wonder," mused Sara. "Of course he's welcome to the sketch, confound him."

"Would you like to paint her?"

"Is this a commission?"

"Hardly. I know her, that's all. She is a very dear friend."

"My heart is set on painting some one else, Mrs. Wrاندall!"

"Oh!"

"When I know you better I'll tell you who she is."

"Could you make a sketch of this other one from memory?" she asked lightly.

"I think so. I'll show you one this evening. I have my trusty crayon about me always, as I said before."

Later in the afternoon Booth came face to face with Hetty. He was descending the stairs and met her coming up. The sun streamed in through the tall windows at the turn in the stairs, shining full in her uplifted face as she approached him from below. He could not repress the start of amazement. She was carrying a box of roses in her arms—red roses whose

stems protruded far beyond the end of the pasteboard box and reeked of a fragrant dampness.

She gave him a shy, startled smile as she passed. He had stopped to make room for her on the turn. Somewhat dazed, he continued on his way down the steps, to suddenly remember with a twinge of dismay that he had not returned her polite smile, but had stared at her with most unblinking fervor. In no little shame and embarrassment he sent a swift glance over his shoulder. She was walking close to the banister rail on the floor above. As he glanced up their eyes met, for she too had turned to peer.

Leslie Wrاندall was standing near the foot of the stairs. There was an eager, excited look in his face that slowly gave way to well-assumed unconcern as his friend came upon him and grasped his arm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He looked up quickly from the book.

summed her contemplation of the fog-screened sound.

"Shall I fetch you a wrap, ma'am?" asked Watson, hesitating.

"I am coming in, Watson. Open the box of flowers for Miss Castleton. Is there a line to the library?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wrاندall."

"Mr. Leslie will be out on Saturday. Tell Mrs. Conkling."

"The evening train, ma'am?"

"No. The eleven-thirty. He will be here for luncheon."

When Hetty hurried into the library a few minutes later, her manner was that of one considerably disturbed by something that has transpired almost on the moment. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were reflectors of a no uncertain distress of mind.

Mrs. Wrاندall was standing before the fireplace, an exquisite figure in the silken black evening gown which she affected in these days. Her perfectly modelled neck and shoulders gleamed

like pink marble in the reflected glow of the burning logs. She wore no jewelry, but there was a single white rose in her dark hair, where it had been placed by the whimsical Hetty an hour earlier as they left the dinner table.

"He is coming out on the eleven-thirty, Sara," said the girl nervously, "unless you will send the motor in for him. The body of his car is being changed and it's in the shop. He must have been jostling when he said he would pay for the petrol—I should have said gasoline."

Sara laughed. "You will know him better, my dear," she said. "Leslie is very light-hearted."

"He suggested bringing a friend," went on Hetty hurriedly. "A Mr. Booth, the portrait painter."

"I met him in Italy. He is charming. You will like him, too, Hetty."

"He emphasized did not escape notice."

"It seems that he is spending a fortnight in the village, this Mr. Booth, painting spring lambs for rest and recreation," Mr. Leslie says.

"Then he is at our very gates," said Sara, looking up suddenly.

"I wonder if he can be the man I saw yesterday at the bridge," mused Hetty. "Is he tall?"

"I really can't say. He's rather vague. It was six or seven years ago."

"It was left that Mr. Wrاندall is to come out on the eleven-thirty," explained Hetty. "I thought you wouldn't like sending either of the motors in."

"And Mr. Booth?"

"We are to send for him after Mr. Wrاندall arrives. He is stopping at the inn, wherever that may be."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Sara, with a grimace. "I am sure he will like us immensely if he has been stopping at the inn."

Hetty stood staring down at the blazing logs for a full minute before giving expression to the thought that troubled her.

"Sara," she said, meeting her friend's eyes with a steady light in her own. "Why did Mr. Wrاندall ask for me instead of you? It is you he is coming to visit, not me. It is your house. Why should—"

"My dear," said Sara glibly. "I am merely his sister-in-law. It wouldn't be necessary to ask me if he should come. He knows he is welcome."

"Then why should he feel called upon to—"

"Some men like to telephone, I suppose," said the other coolly.

"I wonder if you will ever understand how I feel about—about certain things, Sara."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, his very evident interest in me," cried the girl hotly. "He sends me flowers—this is the second box this week—and he is so kind, so very friendly, Sara; that I can't bear it—I really can't."

Mrs. Wrاندall stared at her. "You can't very well send him about his business," she said, "unless he becomes more than friendly. Now, can you?"

"But it seems so—so horrible, so hateful," groaned the girl.

"Sara faced her squarely. "See here, Hetty," she said levelly. "We have made our bed, you and I. We must lie in it—together. If Leslie Wrاندall chooses to fall in love with you, that is his affair, not ours. We must



## Keep Down Uric Acid

Uric acid is a poison formed inside your body by digesting certain foods. It is especially active during exertion.

Uric acid is harmless so long as the kidneys filter it promptly from the blood, but people who urinate and excrete much uric acid as fast as it circulates the blood, weaken the kidneys, and attack the nerves, causing rheumatism, kidney trouble, and other ailments. It is the cause of gout, and of many other diseases. By removing the kidneys to normal activity, Doan's Kidney Pills, help in overcoming excess uric acid.

## An Illinois Case

"My Picture Tells a Story"

Mrs. C. Sommer, 1827 Newport Ave., Chicago, Ill., says: "A severe cold in my head led me to a doctor, who brought on backache that chilled me to the bone. I was in agony for weeks. The kidneys were so disordered that I knew where the trouble came from. On a friend's advice, I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and they rid me of the pain and kidney weakness. The cure has lasted for years."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Dizziness After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.  
Genuine must bear Signature

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
A perfect preparation for the hair. It keeps the hair from falling out, and restores the hair to its natural color and growth. It is the best hair dressing ever used.

Inventor of the Airbrake.

Who really invented the airbrake? Certainly the automatic airbrake, the one that has proved practicable and of permanent value in modern railroads, was the product of the late George Westinghouse's ingenuity. His patent for the automatic brake was taken out in 1872, superseding the non-automatic or "straight" Westinghouse airbrake patented in 1869, and later the Westinghouse vacuum brake was invented. But as in the case of most other inventions, there are several claimants for originality in this field. Thus, James M. Drouane, daughter of M. Debrynes of Paris, claims the distinction of priority for her father. The New York Times has a letter from State Senator William P. Floro of White Plains containing a patent office declaration by his grandfather, Henry Miller, of a "new and useful improvement in the application of steam and compressed air to the purpose of operating railroad brakes," recorded January 2, 1855. Mr. Miller was doubtless a pioneer in the progress of airbrake invention.

Its Tendency.

"Mayna has a very open countenance, hasn't she?"

"Yes, and one that is very hard to shut up."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU  
Write to the inventor, George Westinghouse, 270 Broadway, New York, N. Y., for full particulars of the Westinghouse Airbrake.

## CARE FOR YOUR HAIR



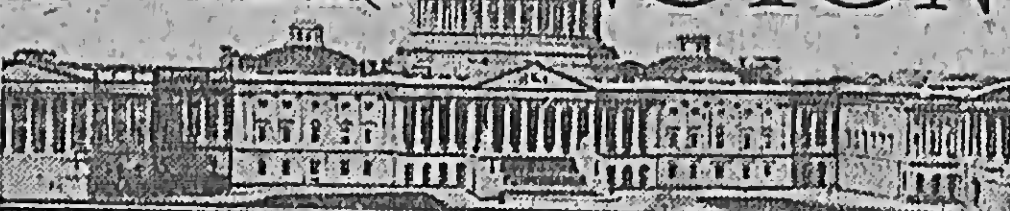
## CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment. They cleanse the scalp, remove dandruff, arrest falling hair and promote hair health.

Samples Free by Mail  
Cuticura Soap and Ointment sent throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 25¢ book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 61, Boston.

Pettis Eye Salve TONIC FOR EYES

## NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



## Uncle Sam Makes Fine Reputation as Architect

WASHINGTON.—When the average citizen beholds the beautiful lines of the modern federal buildings in most of the principal cities of the United States, he probably does not realize that in addition to his many other vocations and professions, Uncle Sam is also an architect, represented at present by Oscar Wenderoth, supervising architect of the treasury. Yet, Uncle Sam is making a wonderful reputation for himself in this capacity. Not only is he doing good work, but he is being widely copied, and those who are acquainted with the facts realize that he is doing more to set the fashion and elevate the standard of architecture in this country than any other agency.

For the first 75 years of our national existence the public buildings were put up in a sort of haphazard way. Commissioners appointed by the secretary of the treasury selected the architect of a building and attended to all the details of its construction. The result was that he fixed idea was carried out, and our earlier public buildings had no uniformity of design at all. Today it is different. Uncle Sam has become an architect on his own account, and he is designing his own buildings. The result is that one may now recognize the new federal buildings of the country on sight by their uniformity of style. There is just enough diversity in detail to prevent too much similarity.

In times past the government roamed the whole world over to find new ideas in architecture, and in the older federal buildings one may see everything from the Gothic down to the Renaissance. But after trying them all, the classic style based on the best French and English influence as illustrated by the Senate office building in this city, has been decided upon as embodying the best that there is in beauty and utility in architecture.

An example of some of the failures of bygone days is the old Washington post office on Pennsylvania avenue and the Municipal building which Supervising Architect Wenderoth styles "an architectural nightmare." A Boston architect imported the Renaissance style along in the eighties, and made a great hit with it in Boston and Cincinnati. Then came along the supervising architect at that time with a determination to copy the style in the Washington post office. He did so, and the result speaks for itself.

## Eleventh-Hour Stories of the Vice-President

VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL has a habit of telling a funny story at the eleventh hour. In fact, he usually waits until the eleventh hour and about fifty-five minutes. The consequence is that when he enters the senate chamber to convene that body of solemn toilers he is apt to have a half-suppressed smile on his face, and the Rev. Forest J. Prettyman, the senate chaplain, has even more difficulty in maintaining the serious countenance of a man about to lead in prayer.

Here is the way the thing works out: Along about 11:30 Marshall shifts from his office in the senate office building to his room in the capitol. A few minutes before noon the chaplain comes to be in readiness to accompany the vice-president into the chamber. Now, for some unaccountable reason, the presence of the chaplain makes Marshall think of a funny story. At about five minutes prior to the hour of opening the senate he starts to tell this story with calm deliberation.

The golden moments speed on their way, and by the time Marshall has the basic part of his story outlined it lacks only two minutes or less until twelve o'clock. All hands begin to grow nervous and the sergeant-at-arms comes to the door, watch in hand, to make certain that the vice-president is going to reach his seat in due season.

Marshall gets up from his desk and proceeds across the corridor, still working toward the point to his story, and by a burst of speed gets out the climax just as he pushes open the door into the senate chamber. Chaplain Prettyman has his choice then of not laughing at the story, which would perhaps be impolite on his part, or of laughing and then pulling his face back into shape ready to offer prayer while walking the few steps from the door to the rostrum.

## Small Boy Finds Red Flag; Nearly Wrecks Train

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD boy came near causing a disastrous rear-end collision on the Metropolitan branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad near the scene of the Terra Cotta wreck, the other morning, when he daggled the Frederick local due here from Frederick, Md., at 8:30 o'clock.

As usual, the train was crowded, as was the Hagerstown train, following it. The engineer of the Frederick local jammed on his emergency brakes, when he saw Robert Shipley, who lives at Stott's, near the district line, frantically waving a red flag on the track ahead, not far from the Stott station.

Quick work was necessary to flag and halt the Hagerstown train, avoiding the collision. A rear-end collision was narrowly averted through the agility of the flagman, who put sufficient space between himself and the Frederick train to give the second engineer stopping-room.

In the meantime, the engineer, conductor and many passengers piled out and surrounded young Shipley, demanding to know the danger. Unabashed, the boy explained that he had found a red flag on the track and wanted to return it. He was questioned closely, but to no further effect.

The conductor took the flag, and trainmen unanimously admitted that they had encountered a remarkable case of an honest boy. They added with some show of bitterness, however, that there are times when too much honesty is not the best policy.

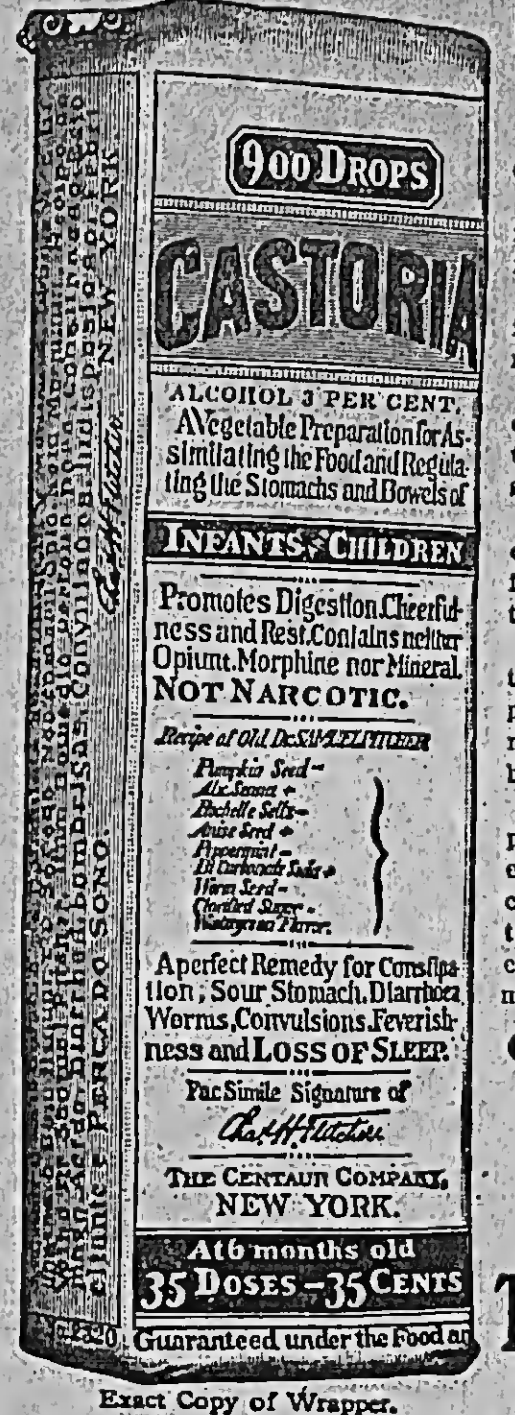
## Sightseeing Indians Amused at Boys' Warfare

TWO Indians were sightseeing up Capitol Hill way. Both were civilized to the extent of cheap clothes that didn't fit, and, as small concessions to a tribal past, each wore a single quill in his gray sombrero. Also, one wore gold hoop earrings, and the other displayed on his breast a Catholic medal and cross. They shuffled along listlessly until, as they came to the library, each stopped with sudden alertness to watch two tiny boys playing on the grass. Each small chap had on an Indian suit of brown cambric with a war bonnet of turkey quills. And each waved a tin steel tomahawk and danced exactly as real Indians don't do and never did. And when one boy put his hatchet between his teeth and crawled over the grass to attack a portly black nurse who made believe she didn't know what was coming to her, the two who were the real thing looked at each other and chuckled.

And inside the library there are doubtless many books beautifully bound and illustrated to prove that the red man is a stoic who has never been known to smile.

## Physicians and Castoria

CASTORIA has met with the approval of the part of physicians, pharmaceutical societies and medical associations. It is used by physicians with results most gratifying. The exact reasons for this are as follows: First—That it is a safe and perfect substitute for Castor Oil. It is absolutely safe. It does not contain any Opium, Morphine, or other narcotic and does not stupefy. It is unlike any of the other Syrups, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, etc. This is a good deal to say. Our duty, however, is to expose danger and record means of advancing health. The day for poisoning innocent children through greed or ignorance ought to end. To our knowledge, Castoria is a remedy which produces composure and health, by regulating the system—not by stupefying it—and our readers are entitled to the information.—Hall's Journal of Health.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

## Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. B. Halstead Scott, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria often for infants during my practice, and find it very satisfactory."

Dr. William Belmont, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "Your Castoria stands first in its class. In my thirty years of practice I can say I never have found anything that so filled the place."

Dr. J. H. Taft, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria and found it an excellent remedy in my household and private practice for many years. The formula is excellent."

Dr. R. J. Hamlen, of Detroit, Mich., says: "I prescribe your Castoria extensively, as I have never found anything to equal it for children's troubles. I am aware that there are imitations in the field, but I always see that my patients get Fletcher's."

Dr. Wm. J. McCrann, of Omaha, Neb., says: "As the father of thirteen children I certainly know something about your great medicine, and aside from my own family experience I have in my years of practice found Castoria a popular and efficient remedy in almost every home."

Dr. J. R. Clausen, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "The name that your Castoria has made for itself in the tens of thousands of homes blessed by the presence of children, scarcely needs to be supplemented by the endorsement of the medical profession, but I, for one, most heartily endorse it and believe it an excellent remedy."

Dr. R. M. Ward, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Physicians generally do not prescribe proprietary preparations, but in the case of Castoria my experience, like that of many other physicians, has taught me to make an exception. I prescribe your Castoria in my practice because I have found it to be a thoroughly reliable remedy for children's complaints. Any physician who has raised a family, as I have, will join me in heartiest recommendation of Castoria."

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
In Use For Over 30 Years.

## WILL BE EXPENDED WISELY

Statement Showing How the Proceeds of Sale of Red Cross Seals Are to Be Spent.

For the benefit of the numerous organizations who helped to sell nearly forty-five million Red Cross seals last year and for the general public, the American Red Cross and the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis have framed a definition of anti-tuberculosis work showing how the proceeds from these holiday stickers are to be used. The definition limits the expenditure of money only for the year ending April 30, 1915.

The definition was framed at a recent meeting of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis and states that the term "anti-tuberculosis work" as it relates to the expenditure of Red Cross seal money shall include the following activities:

1. The construction of hospitals or sanatoria for the care of the tuberculous.
2. The maintenance of the tuberculous.
3. The provision of day or night camps for the tuberculous; the provision and maintenance of dispensaries, visiting nurses, open air schools, fresh air classes, or preventive for the care or treatment of tuberculous cases or for the prevention of the spread of tuberculosis.
4. The maintenance of educational or legislative activities which have for their object the prevention of infection with tuberculosis.

He's Too Good.

Dolly.—At last I have met my ideal! Kind hearted, modest, patient, self-denying! But, alas, married!

Daisy.—Don't worry! No woman will live long with such a freak! You'll get a chance at him.

Shame on Him.

"What is your friend so elated about?"

"Seems his wife is marooned in Europe."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## DESCRIPTION WAS ALL RIGHT

Not Just What Jones Was Looking for, But Brawn Surely Had Told the Truth.

As Brown landed on the platform he ran full butt into Jones.

"Where bound, Jones, and why such speed?" queried Brown.

"Just off to Seashell-on-the-Mad, and am anxious to get some fruit before I start."

"Fruit? Just the thing! Now she's just off; jump in that carriage. I left a fine pear in the corner."

Jones got in and started searching around.

"My friend said he left a fine pear in the corner," explained Jones, as an old lady sniffed angrily at the way he searched round her.

"Guess he meant that corner, my man," she snapped.

Jones looked and saw a young couple blushing furiously.

The Bridal Trousseau.

The old idea of providing brides with a score or more of gowns, wraps and hats has quite gone by. Even the fashionable trousseau of today contains no more than a dozen gowns, if as many. Styles change so fast that by fall the gowns for the June wedding, necessarily made some weeks before the ceremony, begin to look odd. Some authority has declared that the best dressed woman in Paris buys no more than three new toilets each year, but the opinion may be ventured that she is altering her last year's supply most of the time. The vast assortments of lingerie have also dwindled. Nobody provides such a multitudinous wedding outfit nowadays as used to be required.—Lash's.

Popular Gift.

"So you are married, Sam?"

"Oh, yes, sah."

"Did you get any wedding gifts, Sam?"

"Oh, yes, sah."

"Any duplicates, Sam?"

"Oh, yes, sah. I got eight razors, sah."

**Get the Molting Over Quickly**  
Molting time is lost time—there are no eggs with which to pay the feed bills.  
Get it over—Feed a good full ration and be sure to include  
**Pratts Poultry Regulator**  
It's a gentle, invigorating tonic—just what the hens need.  
Pratts Lice Killer, 25c, to \$1.00  
and all Pratts Products are guaranteed satisfaction or money back.  
If you have your Pratts Poultry Book—160 pages  
Pratts 60 page Poultry Book is a complete guide, handsomely illustrated. Be sure to get a copy. Sent postpaid for 10c.  
PRATT FOOD CO., PHILA., CHICAGO, TORONTO.

## W. L. DOUGLAS

MEN'S & WOMEN'S SHOES  
\$2.50, \$3, \$3.50  
\$3.75, \$4, \$4.50  
and \$5.00  
BOY'S SHOES  
\$2.25, \$2.50  
\$3.00 & \$3.50

Over 150 Styles All Sizes and Widths

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES.

For 31 years W. L. Douglas has guaranteed the value by having his name and the retail price stamped on the sole before the shoes leave the factory. This protects the wearer against high prices for inferior shoes of other makes. W. L. Douglas shoes are always worth what you pay for them. If you could see how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, and the high grade materials used, you would understand why they look better, fit better, and wear longer than other makes for the price.

If the W. L. Douglas shoe is not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from factory. Shoes sent everywhere free in the U. S. Write for literature that will show you how to order by mail.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 210 Sparks St., Brockton, Mass.

## HOLSTEIN CATTLE

In the next 30 days I will offer for sale a head of high-grade Holstein Friesian cow, 10 years old, a number of them springing but 1 year old, well marked and in good condition. They will make a fine addition to any herd and are bred to produce milk. Will also offer 100 head of fully developed, heavy milking cows, part of them fresh and ready to calve. Also 25 head of registered and high-grade bulls of no relation to the above cows or heifers. I will have a few choice calves and bull calves to offer in the near future. Set are 10-10 and 10-10 Holstein, at \$10.00 each. Write for literature.

Write me your order.

JAMES DORSEY, D. T. W. N. GILBERTS, KANE COUNTY, ILLINOIS

## COLORADO!

FOR SALE—DEERED LAND—HOMESTEAD and Desert entries. Call to Railroad, WILLIAM TEW, Fort Collins, Colo.

Highly Improved Farms for Sale  
300 acre stock and dairy farm. 115 acre grain farm. 50 acre farm, black soil. 15 acre fruit and truck farm. On Gary co. line. At 100 feet and truck farm. Rochester-Wellington-Elgin Co. line, LaPorte, Indiana.

Colorado Land Barren land partly broken, irrigated water paid for, school near, station 2 miles, 250 per acre, half cash, 1/2 cash, 1/2 cash, 1/2 cash.

Buy A Kansas Farm Prices right, soil good, for information to J. J. Wakelind, Shawnee, Kan.

Readers of this paper desiring to buy advertising in its columns should first upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 39-1914.



## RURAL

## The

## LAKE VILLA

Mrs. Mathews substituted for Mr. Doollittle last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Atwell entertained Mr. and Mrs. Bressenden of Chicago last week.

Dr. R. Manzer and family took an auto trip to Woodstock, Sunday and spent the day with friends.

John Mitchell and family have been enjoying a vacation the past two weeks by taking a western trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Poulton and Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Poulton visited at L. Larson's at Zion City Sunday.

Mrs. Talbott and Mrs. Carl Miller were guests of the Waukegan Eastern Star at a meeting held last Thursday.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Steffenberg (nee Jessie Brown) of Wheaton, will be glad to know of the arrival of a baby boy at their home early last week.

Mrs. Hattie Kapple went to the hospital in Waukegan last week for an operation. At present she is doing nicely and expects to be home in a week or so.

## Obituary

Geo. Eames was born in Middlebury, England, on July 31, 1841, died at Gurnee sanitarium Sept. 18, being 73 years, 1 month and 18 days.

He was united in marriage to Ellen Millard in England in 1865, and four years later they came to America, settling on a farm near Lake Villa which was their home till their death. Mrs. Eames preceded her husband about seven years. One son Charles, was born to this union on Aug. 26, 1871, and he with his wife and two children live on the home farm.

Mr. Eames together with his wife, joined the Methodist church at Lake Villa in 1895.

Mr. Eames has been a patient sufferer from cancer for some time and he was taken to the sanitarium at Gurnee for treatment last week, but his condition was so serious that death was not unexpected.

The funeral was held from the home and church on Sunday afternoon, burial being in the Anglo cemetery beside his wife.

## SALEM

S. Cull and wife entertained relatives Sunday.

J. A. Foster of Chicago was a visitor here Sunday.

Geo. Smallfelt of Silver Lake Sunday at home.

H. Mutter and wife were Kenosha visitors Saturday.

Josie Leesch returned home from Chicago Friday.

Several from here attend the Elkhorn fair this week.

Mrs. Jensen and Children are visiting her mother here.

Mr. A. Paddock and wife were Kenosha visitors Saturday.

A crowd went to Kenosha Saturday to join the peace parade.

A number from the city were out to the lakes Sunday hunting.

Mr. Bardett Burgess spent the week end with his family here.

Mrs. Barber and Mrs. Haas of Twin Lakes visited here Saturday.

Ira W. Penigo of Bristol was a visitor here last of the week.

Brt Boulden and wife of Grayslake called on relatives here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Moran of Chicago are visiting relatives here this week.

Mrs. Burdick entertained her aunt Mrs. A. McVicar of Kenosha Friday.

C. Bingham and family visited over Sunday with A. Dibble and wife at Russell.

J. McVicar and family and H. McVicar and family autoed to Lake Geneva Sunday.

J. A. Foster and wife and Mrs. Geo. Smith are visiting in Galesburg, Ill., for two weeks.

## A Missing Man.

"What has become of the old-fashioned man?" asks the Cincinnati Enquirer, "who used to wear a yard of tape on his hat? Perhaps he's married again—Tokio Blade.

## Maternal Love Strong.

Instinct of maternal love—stronger than death itself—is by no means peculiar to humanity. In fact, safely be said that some of the animals are at times more human than are some humans.

## SILVER LAKE

Mrs. Chas. Schulz called here Friday.

Ed. Myers went to Chicago Tuesday.

Mrs. Walburg went to Burlington Saturday.

Mrs. D. Dixon has returned home from McHenry.

Laura Fleuer was a visitor in the city Tuesday.

Harry Orvis and family of Camp Lake motored to Elkhorn Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Folkamp of Genoa were Sunday guests at Gus Schmoldfeldt's.

Mrs. Johnson and daughter Tena went to the Elkhorn fair Wednesday.

Mrs. C. Selby and Flora spent Thursday and Friday with relatives near Trevor.

Idella Crane took the train Saturday for Antioch, where she will work for awhile.

## BRISTOL

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Williams spent Tuesday in Kenosha.

Miss Edith Murdock spent Saturday and Sunday in Kenosha.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Willett autoed to Milwaukee on Tuesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Brown spent last Saturday afternoon in Kenosha.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lavey spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Bottelmy of Walworth, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Curtis and Mr. and Mrs. Gittings spent last Sunday with Mrs. Bennett at Barrington, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whitteer, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Gaines and Mr. W. Gaines attended the funeral of Mrs. Reinold of Kenosha on Tuesday afternoon.

## HICKORY

Mrs. D. B. Webb is visiting in Chicago this week.

Ruth Kinrade of Antioch visited Saturday with Irene Savage.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Wells spent Monday and Tuesday in Waukegan.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Grant of Chicago, is visiting this week at O. L. Hollenbeck's.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Edwards of Waukegan attended the cemetery society last Thursday.

## CALLS FOR PITY FOR RICH

Condition of Poor Millionaire Who Doesn't Know What to Do With His Money.

"My dear, ignorant friend," said a western millionaire to a humble New York hack writer, according to the New York Sun, "you don't know what you are talking about when you say you wish you had the money I have, or a similar amount."

"It's you that has the advantage over me by long odds. You can go anywhere you please at any time you please, and if you need money, and you never need a great deal, all you have to do is to take out your pad and pencil, dash off something readable, and your income follows at short notice."

But look at me. I had a business out West that was asked to go into a trust and the request was in the nature of a command which meant trust or bust, and I went into the trust. Now I have a million and a half of the stock and a million in raw cash, and what in thunder am I to do with it? The stock is all right, but what about the cash?

"Can you tell me where I can put that much money where it will be safe and bring me in a fair return? I've got to have the return, sure, for my living expenses are over \$50,000 a year, and \$10,000 a year on the side is all I have to meet them with. The stock ought to pay a dividend, and it very likely will, but I don't know that, and I do know what my expenses are. So what am I to do with that idle million?"

"It's been idle for a week now, and at 5 per cent that means very nearly \$1,000. Add my expenses of \$1,000 a week, and I am dropping \$100,000 a year. Is there anything about hack writing as disagreeable as that? Do you think you would be any happier, or more free from care, if you had my money? Maybe you would, but I can't see it from my viewpoint."

## Patriotic to the Core.

Even the little children in Ireland, according to Hugh O'Donnell, have the true Irish sense of humor. He was standing before Nelson's statue, he said, when he asked a youngster: "Was Nelson really Irish?" "That he was," replied the child. "That's why he is what he was."

## Missed an Opportunity.

Honx—"Whatever else I may be, I am not proud." Joax—"Well, that's something to be proud of."—Philadelphia Record.

## SOMETHING WENT WRONG

By SADIE WOODS.

"My, but you've got a cold!" said the girl with the accentuated robesplendor collar at the enamelware counter as she paused in the act of putting a nicked saucepan under the pile out of sight.

"Gold?" echoed the girl at the small hardware counter in a tone of infinite scorn. "Got a gold? What I've got is an ice-berg to a small icicle when it comes to golds! But I thought I had a good time getting it, M'roc!"

"Howjeh do it?" Inquired the girl with the robesplendor collar.

"Why, the Jolly Rover Social club gave a midsummer party the other night," explained the afflicted one.

"In zero weather?" cried the girl at the enamelware counter.

"For the land's sake! Were they crazy? S'pose you had a beach party and went for a swim, and had ice cream for refreshments afterward! Brrr!"

"Not exactly," said the sufferer.

"Of course," she was zero, but that's what made it interesting. It's always interesting to do things people don't expect you to do, isn't it?"

"Maybe," agreed the girl at the enamelware counter. "But there are limits! Now, if any one requested me to go on a violet picking expedition in January it would be unexpected, but nevertheless, crazy. I hope I have sense enough to know a snowbank from a steam radiator. I don't wonder you have a cold!"

"We had the party at the hall," explained the girl at the hardware counter. "And it would have been all right only something seemed to go wrong with the heating plant. The president of the club said he told the janitor to have it hotter than usual, but the janitor must have got mixed and done the opposite. So when we came in dressed in white organdies and such things everybody turned purple almost at once."

"Now, it doesn't help a girl's temper to know that she's a light heliograph (and she can't be her own sweet self when she realizes that she has a bright red nose and goose pimples on her hands and arms! So everybody started with a bad temper. Jimmy said I stepped on his feet, but I didn't—it was his last summer shoes that were too small for him and his feet were numb from cold, anyhow. He didn't listen kindly to my explanation, because when we sat down to talk there was an icy blast from the window right down his collar, and Jimmy is awfully sensitive to drafts. So he got mad at me and went over to talk to that Flossy Soller—her in the ribbons—because he said he wouldn't get pneumonia for any girl and I had put him there on purpose."

"To get even with Jimmy I smiled at Percy Wagner and he took me to have some lemonade that ought 'a' been boiled. It was so cold, and then he sat me down in a corner and talked to me, and Jimmy could see us, and I wouldn't 'a' moved if I'd frozen to the spot. I most did, too, because there was a cold air radiator in the floor right there and I know the other end was connected with the north pole. I had on my ruffled dimity and white shoes and hosiery and my teeth were chattering. Percy's nose looked frost-bitten and his knees knocked together. When we tried to dance we sort of fell around like clothespins."

"Then we sat in a circle and ate ice cream and our throats froze up (all we ought 'a' called a plumber, and everybody said, 'Ain't we having a fine time?') And Jimmy glowed till I was afraid his face would crack with the cold and everything. Then finally, just as Percy and I were getting some more lemonade, Jimmy grabbed me by the arm."

"Say," he hissed, "I've had enough of that easy fellow trailing after you!" "Just as I draw away, indignant like 'a' for nobody can boss me even if it is Jimmy—Percy sort of fell against the lemonade bowl and it tipped over and soaked Jimmy and me. I'd hate to think it of Percy, but I can't see how he could have upset that bowl without planning it."

"Well, of course, Jimmy and I had to go home then, and my! the language that man used was something wonderful! I didn't see how there could be any more language in the world, but I found there was, for when we started to get off the street car Jimmy found his duck trousers that had got soaked with lemonade were frozen to the seat. The conductor wouldn't hold the car while Jimmy tore them loose! He said there were no rules 'n' regulations requiring a conductor to delay service just because a passenger got frozen to the seat."

"By the time we got home my dimity dress skirt was so frozen with lemonade that it rattled like tin, and when I hit the doorpost it cracked and ruined itself. I 'a' pose I must 'a' got my gold somehow during the evening."

"It looks that way," agreed the girl at the enamelware counter.

"Scared to Go Home?"

"Do I look like a milkman?" asked a tango dancer of a patrol, as he was leaving his temple of tango about four o'clock this morning. "Why, no; what an idea," was the response. "Well, I'm glad of it," said the tango dancer. "My wife took a shot at a milkman the other morning, and I'm kind of skittish about going home at this hour. But little women in the world, you know, but I'd regret any mistake on my case."

## PERSUADING CHILDREN

By LILLIAN YOUNG.

"You can't imagine," said the earnest little woman, "how I wish I had had that book years ago when the children were mere babies! What I might have accomplished! It makes me want to cry now when I consider the time wasted! Still, I am going to begin at once and make up for lost time!"

"I don't take much stock in it," commented the lady who had brought up six children, all of whom had escaped the penitentiary.

"Mercy!" cried the earnest little woman. "How can you feel that way! What particularly impressed me was the part which said not to hamper their individual development, to give them mental freedom, to allow their minds to work out problems their own way, and always to answer their questions, because they may be working to the point where they will be presidents or something famous some day! As for corporal punishment—it made me feel I deserved to be shot as dawn because I used to spank them once in a while! I am going hereafter to treat them like human beings."

"Mother!" Interrupted seven-year-old Henry. "Kin I go over to Oscar's?"

The earnest little woman smiled at him beamingly. "No, darling," she said. "I told you yesterday you could not go to Oscar's at all!"

"Why?"

"Why, I explained to you very carefully," said the earnest little woman in some surprise. "Oscar is not the sort of boy I want you to be with. He is not the right kind!"

"Susanna! Come Down at Once!"

"I wanna go to Oscar's!" roared her son loudly. "I wanna go! I wanna go!"

Rising hurriedly, the earnest little woman clutched her recalcitrant son's arm and turning him over her knee administered the old time discipline. After which he departed growling.

"Of course," said the earnest little woman, somewhat flushed, "that was unavoidable. In special cases I guess you have to spank them. Argument seems to make no—"

"It's been my experience," said the woman who had brought up six, "that argument hasn't any effect on anyone this side of the grave. Of course, it's good for the lungs, sort of exercises them, if you care for that, but for children especially, argument is nothing but an annoying noise!"

"The book said you should always explain to them when you refused them anything," said the earnest little woman, somewhat mournfully. "And then their quick little intellects would grasp your meaning and see that you knew best—what?"

"I just choked," said the woman who had brought up six. "I never knew even a grownup who would abandon something he wanted to do and thank you for your wisdom if you tried to stop him! I suppose you are following the few rules with Susanna, and in that case it is all right to let her climb that tree out there—when that limb breaks she's now on it will develop—"

"My goodness!" gasped the earnest little woman, dropping her work. "Susanna! Come down at once!"

"But you must let her work out her own problems!" reminded the woman who had brought up six. "She'll learn a lot about gravitation before she gets through—"

"Susanna!" cried her mother underneath. "Come right down!"

"I don't want!" protested Susanna, climbing higher.

"Susanna!" shrieked her parent. "It'll break—and you'll hurt yourself badly!"

"I don't want!"

Crack! Crash!

Blinding up the lamp on Susanna's head with trembling hands somewhat later, the earnest little woman spoke at last through her teeth. "Susanna!" she said distinctly. "If ever again you don't mind instantly when I tell you to do a thing, without stopping to talk about it, I'll give you a spanking you'll remember! You are lucky you're not killed!"

"Why?" inquired Susanna.

"Cheer up!" said the woman who had brought up six, as the earnest little woman clutched her brow and breathed hard. "Only did a hole in the back yard and only that broke! There's nothing much worse the old way of breaking up children!"

"I'd like to see a man who would smash a little woman—Chicago Daily News."

## MEN ARE SO QUEER

By R. S. JONES.

"Tom was terribly annoyed," said the young woman with the fluffy hair and the hint of a baby stare. "It perfectly funny the way a man can just because he is your husband— you ever notice it?"

"It is, indeed!" said the other chorus.

"How was I to know that sensible business men would take me so seriously?" pursued the fluffy young woman. "I thought they were supposed to have discernment and sense! At least, Tom is always preaching about their superiority in that respect. Tom explained to me very carefully before we went to the automobile show last month that we couldn't buy a car. He said we couldn't afford it, considering my hot bills and his cigars and the netea coming due on the house we bought last year. I am sure I had it all perfectly clear in my mind, so I am positive I was not to blame."

"But did you ever notice what perfectly fascinating young men they put in charge of the exhibition cars at an automobile show?"

"I should say I have noticed them!" said the brunette girl.

"And, anyhow, Tom had no business to run across two college friends the minute we got inside the show and pay so much attention to them that he couldn't pay any attention to me! Those three would cluster together over a chassis with a lot of crazy machinery stuck on it and talk like mad. So I simply had to do something to kill time."

"Of course you did!" agreed the others.

"So when at the first booth a good looking man who saw me studying a touring car asked me if I was interested I said I was. Then he was just as nice as could be. He told me everything about the car and made me get in it and explained just how I could run it myself and wanted my address to send me a catalogue. He said he'd be pleased to come out some day with the car and show me how it ran and give me a lesson. He was so set on coming that I hated to hurt his feelings, so I did not refuse."

"It was just the same way at the next place and ever after. Tom and his friends were so busy over horrid old machinery that I was considerably left out. However, I made lots of friends among the agents."

"All of them wanted to bring out their cars to demonstrate to me how superior they were and, as I had told one man he could come, it didn't seem a bit fair to the others to refuse any of them, so I said I'd be delighted."

"It had occurred to me that I owed a terrible lot of calls and that it would be such a nice way to get around and pay them."

"I didn't think it necessary to mention the matter to Tom. He did remark that a huge lot of catalogues was coming to our house and it was a wonder where those fellows got people's names and, anyhow, thank goodness, he didn't have a machine sailing its head off and making him poor! Men are so selfish."

"The Zero automobile man came out the very day after the show closed and we had a beautiful ride. I made six calls. However, I quite changed my opinion of him, because when I came out of the last place he seemed actually cross and said things about waiting in cold weather. I don't see how he expects to sell cars without showing a little consideration for customers. I told him I didn't think I liked his car at all."

"Then there was the Largo car man and the Allegro man and the Fortissimo man and the Solendiferous man and about six different electric companies and a lot more whose names I forgot. When they came one at a time it was lovely."

"I did two teas one afternoon in the Largo car, but the man lost his temper, and when I came from the second tea the wretched creature had driven off and I had to go home on the street car!"

"The queer thing was that every one seemed so indignant when I refused to give an order for a car and said things about my leading them on. The worst of it was that Tom came home ill with the grip one afternoon just as seven different cars arrived all at once to take me out! He said he thought I was giving a funeral or a tea."

"When he understood my dears, have you ever seen a man suffering from had temper and grip simultaneously?"

"I explained to him most carefully that it wasn't my fault at all, but he roared that he was ashamed to look a man in the face from that time on. I fear he was one of the automobile agents I had shamefully deceived—yes, that's what he called it—and that he'd like to know what women had the place of consciences any more. What do you think of that? Aren't men utterly queer!"

"They surely are!" the other young married women agreed. "When you hadn't done one single thing either!"

"Anything new?" asked the reader.

"Yes," replied the deak. "A man and a woman were smashed in an automobile a little while ago."

"That happens every day."

"But this is an extraordinary case. She was his wife."

